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CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.
The Surrender
of Portugal.

FOREIGN Affairs deserve the precedence over Home Politics this week, because of the important news of the compliance of Portugal with Lord SALISBURY's demand for the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of Portuguese arms and the Portuguese flag from the Shiré River above the Ruo, the southern side of the Zambesi, Mashonaland, and other places under British protection. This matter will be found more fully dealt with elsewhere; it is sufficient to say here that no native or foreign criticism which has the slightest respect for facts can represent it as the result of a tyrannical abuse of English strength. The excitement with which the news was received in Portugal itself was not unnatural, but seems to have had few serious results, though a change of Ministry was almost inevitable. It is hoped that, as the constitution of the little King of SPAIN has so far resisted his disease, he may yet recover. Russian discontent with Bulgarian financial arrangements continues, but has had no serious results, and the success of the new Bulgarian loan in Austria has been considerable. The EMPEROR-KING's Address to the Prussian Diet contained nothing of any great importance, and little has occurred of the political kind in France. Detailed intelligence has at last been received of the "stamping out" of counter-revolutionary attempts in Brazil some weeks ago—a process which seems to have been accompanied by great loss of life, both during and after the fighting, to the insurgents. English Radicals have contrasted this with the bloodless character of the original revolution. The Brazilian Royalist, it would appear, is a particularly *méchante* animal; he causes bloodshed when other people shoot him down. The Brazilian Republic, it has been further announced, has been emulating its French model in more harmless, but also foolisher, ways by altering the names of days and months. The shade of ROME should appreciate the compliment, and will not, let us hope, point warningly to the fate of the original inventor and invention.

Home
Politics.

Very disproportionate interest was for a time excited by the announcement, or rather the discussion, in a newspaper least of all likely to be well informed about the matter, of a supposed intention on the part of the Government to dissolve Parliament almost immediately. No well-informed person could be deceived by the rumour, which was pretty obviously intended to form a sensational line in posters. There is no present reason of any kind why the Government should intend to anticipate by an hour the natural decease of this Parliament, and whenever they have such an intention, it is quite certain that it will not come to the knowledge of the public by any such channel. Lord RIXON based his support of Home Rule on argument in a speech at Bury on Monday; but his argument consisted only in the extremely familiar contention that if the Irish people want Home Rule they ought to have it. Speeches by Lord SELBORNE, by Mr. FOWLER, and (a weightier one) by Lord DERBY, were also delivered on different sides. But none of these addresses can be said to rank among political addresses of the first importance, which are not likely to be heard for another week at least.

Non-political
Meetings and
Speeches. At the extreme end of last week two important meetings were delivered on subjects connected with education, the one by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, advocating the establishment of a Polytechnic for North-Western London; the other by Professor MAX MÜLLER, on the increase and systematizing of the teaching of Oriental languages. In both plans there is much wherein everybody must sympathize, as well as still more with which

everybody is supposed to sympathize by *respect humanum*. No such qualification need attach to a third speech which followed from a more exalted personage than either at the meeting held, under the PRINCE OF WALES's presidency, on Tuesday to promote the National Leprosy Fund, for the study, and if possible the alleviation, of that terrible disease. At Hawarden on Tuesday an address on India was delivered by one of Mr. GLADSTONE's sons, and some remarks were made on the subject by Mr. GLADSTONE himself, but they did not contain anything remarkable.

Lord
Hartington's
illness.

A gradual decline in the number and severity of cases of influenza is reported, but the disease, or group of diseases, has been still very prevalent, and some alarm was excited by the announcement of Lord HARTINGTON's attack, which, however, would appear to have been less influenza than congestion of the lungs of an ordinary type.

The Parke
Case.

On Thursday last, after evidence and counsel's speeches had occupied the whole of Wednesday and the judge had summed up on Thursday morning, the jury returned a verdict of Guilty against ERNEST PARKE for libelling the Earl of EUSTON, and sentence of twelve months' imprisonment was pronounced, a result fully discussed elsewhere, but which may be said briefly here to be—except that the sentence might have been heavier—thoroughly in accordance with the merits of the case. In a less important libel case, Colonel MALLESON, a somewhat well-known writer, has been heavily mulcted in damages for very improper and unjustifiable remarks on Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE—an incident the more to be regretted that the weapons of personal libel, even if there is justification, which there was not here, should never be taken up by the right side in politics. They should be left to those who can find no others.

The London
County
Council.

A fresh exhibition of the kind of person whom the neglect of duty of the London ratepayers has returned, in too many instances, to the County Council occurred on Tuesday, when an absurd motion by the Rev. F. WILLIAMS, for a welcome to Mr. STANLEY, drew from Mr. JOHN BURNS a more absurd diatribe against the explorer. There is much to be said both for Mr. STANLEY's achievements and against his methods and temper; but this incident merely illustrated the already well-known facts that County Councillors of the type of Mr. WILLIAMS generally have no judgment, and that any judgment which Socialism had left to Mr. BURNS, in particular, has been destroyed by flattery and notoriety.

Obituary.

The obituary for the week is exceedingly heavy, even if the time of year and the very unhealthy state both of the Continent and of England be taken into consideration. Germany misses her oldest and most famous theologian in Dr. DÖLLINGER, in whose case care has, no doubt, to be taken not to be too much influenced by the fact that he was opposed, and yet not opposed as a partisan, to a system always unpopular in England. But when the amplest allowance has been thus made, the Bavarian Doctor will remain an extraordinary example of wide and profound learning, of sympathies and interests still wider and scarcely less profound, of judgment, and of character. Dr. PHELPS, the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and the brother of the famous tragic actor, was during his life one of the best examples of the "head of a house" of the old school, and a staunch opponent of the endless and generally mischievous tinkering which for the last generation has been perpetually grubbing up the roots in our University gardens to see how they are growing, and replanting them bottom upwards to see if they will grow better. Mr. PATRICK CUMIN was an able and experienced Civil Servant. Sir EDWARD COLEBROOKE's name

recalls long and useful Parliamentary work in his own person and a tradition of connexion with our greatest dependency; while the death of Mrs. VICARS, the mother of Captain HEDLEY VICARS, at a very great age, has revived the memory of a book which was in its day almost equally recommended to the nation by patriotic and by religious sentiment. Mrs. FITZGEORGE had blamelessly filled an anomalous situation, created for sufficient reasons of public convenience, but imposing some hardship on individuals. In Dr. RICHARD LITTLEDALE the Church of England has lost one of her most learned and faithful sons and a Churchman of an excellent type. Dr. LITTLEDALE was at once a member of the extreme High Church party and thoroughly loyal to the Anglican Church. Nobody could ever suspect him of "coquetting with Rome," and he was as much of a terror to controversially inclined "Romanists" from his skill of fence, his readiness to fight at any moment, and his intimate acquaintance with liturgical and ecclesiastical history and literature, as he was to short-sighted "Protestants" from the Catholicity of his doctrine. With Lord NAPIER of Magdala one of the most experienced and fortunate of English soldiers has passed away. As in the case of most of his military contemporaries, the long peace which succeeded Waterloo gave NAPIER little chance of great distinction till he had reached middle age; but as soon as opportunities were given he availed himself of them to the full in the Indian Mutiny, in China, and in Abyssinia. Nor was it his fault that the stupid want of foresight (if it was nothing worse) of politicians made the outlay on the Abyssinian expedition unproductive to England. Lastly, both his private friends and the public have to mourn the death of Mr. CRAIG SELLAR, one of those too few Scotch Liberals who were Liberals in principle, and who, therefore, declined to follow Mr. GLADSTONE when Mr. GLADSTONE swallowed all Liberal principles, and all that remained of his own, in the matter of Home Rule.

The Post Office. On Wednesday a great Post Office rejoicing was held at the Holborn Restaurant, and all the officials congratulated themselves, and the country, and the memory of ROWLAND HILL. Although the Post Office is one of the institutions which everybody grumbles at, everybody also admits that it, on the whole, does difficult work very well. But whether it is an unmixed benefit to the country or the world that men should write forty-six letters where they used to write three (the achievement on which Mr. RAIKES most does pride himself) is, of course, a matter on which there may be different opinions.

Books, &c. The chief literary novelty of the week has been Mr. GUY LE STRANGE'S edition, in two handsome volumes (London: BENTLEY) of the *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Lord Grey between 1824 and 1834*. Even people who have but a faint knowledge of or interest in antiquated political intrigue must have some idea of the most famous of that curious *escadron volant* of feminine diplomatists which Russia has so long been notorious for keeping up. MINE. LIEVEN'S character is not one that can be admired without limitations; but she had certainly great abilities and great attractions of the intellectual kind, though both may have been exaggerated. Those who follow African affairs will find a map just issued by Messrs. GEORGE PHILIP & SONS (London and Liverpool) useful for Mr. STANLEY'S journeys. It also professes to give the delimitation of "spheres of influence" of the different nations and Companies; but this—a thorny business at the best—is not done quite satisfactorily. Lovers of French books may be glad to know that the periodical called *Le Livre*, which has been edited for ten years past with considerable success by M. OCTAVE UZANNE, has given way to a smaller and daintier issue under the old management, called *Le Livre Moderne*, which promises well.

PRESS PROSTITUTION.

ANCIENTS have said that there is no higher delight than to see justice done; and this delight, not too common in our days, must have been enjoyed by all decent people who read the trial and sentence of ERNEST PARKE at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice HAWKINS on Wednesday and Thursday last. The sentence, indeed, may seem to some rather lenient; but it is always desirable to guard against the appearance of "vindictiveness," and the want of caution in his conduct which the prosecutor

admitted may have counted with the judge. The really important thing is that at last, and when the practices of a certain gang of persons calling themselves journalists had become absolutely intolerable, some one has been found to take the risk and the disgust of stopping these practices, and has been completely successful. Lord EUSTON is heir to one of those dukedoms which were created and endowed for the natural sons of CHARLES II., and this fact (supposedly obnoxious to vulgar prejudice) may have helped to earn him the persecution from which he has suffered. We can only say that twice the amount of so-called "public money" that the house of GRAFTON has ever received would be cheap to the public as a testimonial to him for having grappled with and abated one of the most loathsome and scandalous nuisances of any time and country.

It is not necessary to say anything as to the original libel or its circumstances. We, at least, do not live by providing the public with garbage. But, in order to show the manner of the animals who have been in one instance trapped here, something may be said about the trial itself and the evidence given. When Lord EUSTON first took the matter up, and the man PARKE was committed for trial, it will be remembered that no attempt was made to justify. In regard to part of the libel—that a warrant had been issued against Lord EUSTON, and that he had gone to Peru—no attempt was ever made to justify. But between the police-court hearing and the time when the matter came on for trial it seems to have been thought that something must be done, and a sudden plea of justification was set up, compelling the postponement of the trial itself for a month. It was not a little interesting to see what the result would be. We think we shall hardly meet with much dissent from lawyers when we say that little doubt could be felt, if not as to what it would be, as to what its value would be, when Mr. LOCKWOOD opened his defence. When such an advocate as Mr. LOCKWOOD can only complain that the prosecutor is going to enter the box and to be cross-examined at one part of the case rather than at another, wideawake people may have a dim idea of what is going to happen. But few people, however wideawake, could have fully realized with what evidence counsel like Mr. LOCKWOOD and Mr. ASQUITH had been provided, by two two months' active work, in and out of private inquiry offices. They began with a comic coal merchant, whose "sight was not clear," who could see thirty yards off in the street, but had to be prompted and helped before he could recognize a man of six feet four in court. They propped up the comic coal merchant with his son, who remembered seeing Lord EUSTON two years ago at Ascot, and with a certain Mr. JOHN WILLIAM SMITH, who could "identify," but "might be mistaken," and who said that the gentleman whom he took for Lord EUSTON—a man, as has been said, of quite extraordinary height—was about five feet eight, or a good deal below middle stature. They brought a rescue or two more of the same kind to support this testimony. But, feeling apparently uncomfortable as to the result of their phalanx, they sought further aid, and procured Mr. JOHN SAUL. Mr. JOHN SAUL, by his own account, was well used to being procured. He had been, by the same unimpeachable testimony, a public character for some fifteen years, and had alternated between the practice and the delation of crimes which not very long ago were capital. He had sought to pursue the second branch of his profession at Dublin in a well-known group of cases five years ago which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN will remember, or of which Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN can remind him; but the prosecution on that occasion was more squeamish or less hard bested than the defence on this. The police, by Mr. SAUL'S account, have always been "kind" and "good" to him, and have "let him go his beat"; which would seem to imply that except when there is clap-trap to be made the virtuous energies of Inspector ABERLINE repose. Mr. SAUL did the defendant PARKE the favour of observing, when asked to give evidence, that he "would go for him, but for nobody else"; and either for him or for somebody else he did go, and gave evidence of such a thoroughgoing description that it may be said to have settled the case. Lord EUSTON'S own examination and cross-examination—which were perfectly straightforward, and in which his testimony was not in the least shaken, while his confession of conduct not strictly "proper" and exceedingly imprudent was frank—must have done much. The comic coal merchant and the other persons in or out of fur caps were, though they meant it not, important compurgators. Mr. LOCKWOOD'S speech must have done good work for the side opposed to him. But the palm, on

the whole, rests with Mr. JOHN SAUL. It would be a pity, as Mr. Justice HAWKINS suggested, that he should miss his reward. The THIRKETTLE case, the FRENCH-BREWSTER case, and this have supplied in *crescendo* examples of the existing trade in evidence of a kind of which it is difficult to trust oneself to speak. "Hell gapes for it," as some one says, and we do not doubt it. In the meanwhile it would be satisfactory if HER MAJESTY'S prisons would gape likewise and close upon the offenders.

But the resort to such evidence can only make more keen the rejoicing that at last justice has come by her own in the person of a "personal" journalist. Between the class of persons to whom the convict PARKE belongs and that to which Mr. JOHN SAUL claims to belong we can discern no moral difference whatever. Both are prostitutes; both, having discovered a foul desire in their fellow-creatures, proceed to pander to it. The man PARKE's clients lust, first, for "personal news"; secondly, for dirty personal news; thirdly, for dirty personal news if possible about persons with titles. He gives it them; and the law has given him twelve months' imprisonment. This is excellent; and the conduct of Lord EUSTON contrasts not a little remarkably with the dulcet letters written, to the astonishment, or the amusement, or the disgust, or all three blended, of mankind, by some distinguished persons to a yet more celebrated practitioner of personal journalism the other day. But this man PARKE, according to the showing of his own fellows, is one of a gang. They talked about his *confrères* supporting him in the police court (and perhaps in seeking out the many-sided usefulness of Mr. JOHN SAUL); they wrote mysterious paragraphs about the terrible disclosures (by Coal Merchant and Co.) to be made at the trial; they have, many of them, gone as far as they dared in the same direction; and it is the breath of their nostrils and their daily bread to do the same sort of thing on every possible occasion and in regard to any one in whose private affairs, and especially in whose private dirty linen, the public can be supposed foolish enough, or base enough, to take the slightest interest. Let Lord EUSTON's example inspire others to take action on every possible occasion against this modern spawn of ARETINO, this scum of blackmailers and libellers that has risen on the surface of the waters of journalism. Journalism may not be (as a learned Recorder, with perhaps somewhat pedantic accuracy, not long ago decided it not to be) a profession; but it is an employment or vocation, and there is no reason why it should not be a respectable employment enough and a vocation of fairly high calling. When it becomes something else—when it is prostitute, or perjured, or both together—then the human race, or such of them as have opportunity, should give it absolutely no quarter. We shall hear, of course, pleas that this convict of an ineffably foul offence shall be treated tenderly, and allowed indulgence, and not "precluded from following his profession," and so forth. His profession, as has been decided in a court of justice, is to minister to a foul taste with fouler lies; and he deserves as much mercy as a polecat. Nay, he deserves much less; for, after all, the polecat did not choose its peculiarities, does not stink or murder for notoriety or for lure, and, above all, does not pretend that its practices are "for the public benefit."

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

MR. GLADSTONE has computed that the average duration of Ministries since the passing of the Act of 1832—or, to use his own impressive language, which shows that the peculiarities of his style remain now what they were when, more than half a century ago, they awoke the respectful astonishment of MACAULAY, "since the strong-handed giant of Reform laid his victorious hand upon the 'House of Commons'—Mr. GLADSTONE, to take breath and begin again, has computed that the average duration of Ministries since 1832 has been three years within a month. The curious apparatus of rhetoric which is called into play for the statement of this simple arithmetical fact is not without its psychological interest, if this were the time and place in which to dwell upon it. At present, however, we are concerned, not with Mr. GLADSTONE's rhetoric, but with his arithmetic. We are by no means inclined, in this instance or in any others, to dispute it. We would rather acquiesce in his sums than go through the process known to schoolboys as "proving"

them, especially as they themselves usually prove nothing which may not be admitted without conceding the conclusions which he derives from them. Lord SALISBURY's Administration has taken the liberty of disregarding his average, and has already lasted nearly three years and six months, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's prophecies of its speedy extinction, and of the most strenuous efforts on his own part to fulfil those prophecies. The indignation with which Mr. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT contemplated his venerable father's defiance of the Scriptural limit of threescore years and ten, as an irreligious flying in the face of his Bible, is likely enough to animate Mr. GLADSTONE at seeing his average thus set at naught by a Ministry which he is said to have pronounced at its birth not to be *viable*. He records, with suppressed apprehension, that three of the Ministries, in the period of which he speaks in the *Nineteenth Century*, have over-passed six years, and these, as might be expected, Ministries no better than they should have been—Lord MELBOURNE'S (1835-41), Lord PALMERSTON'S (1859-65), and Lord BEACONSFIELD'S (1874-80). They entered, all of them, we believe, on their seventh Session, thus showing a tenacity of life which Mr. GLADSTONE regards as scarcely constitutional. Lord SALISBURY's Government, which Mr. GLADSTONE notoriously views as the worst of all conceivable Governments, in not the best of all conceivable political systems, is quite capable of imitating this scandalous example, and of going on to the end of 1892. It is likely enough to do it.

Mr. GLADSTONE has one consolation. The English nation, though indulgent, as he remarks, to meritorious old men, has no toleration even for the virtue of aged governments. Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, they must not look to have; but in their stead curses both loud and deep. If, indeed, curses killed administrations, Lord SALISBURY's Administration would not be alive at the present hour. The "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" is poor in malignant imprecations compared with the soliloquies of Hawarden Castle and of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's retreat in the New Forest. Lord SALISBURY's too, too solid Government, like HAMLET's too, too solid flesh, declines to dissolve itself; it will not even dissolve Parliament, refusing the most pressing invitations to commit suicide in order to avoid the inconvenience of murder. Not that a dissolution of Parliament would necessarily, or even probably, be an act of *felo de se*. Still, a step so wanton and causeless would challenge, and, if we could put aside the enormous interests at stake, would deserve retribution. Lord SALISBURY is pledged to remain in office in order to carry out the solemn charge which has been committed to him of maintaining the Parliamentary Union with Ireland. He is bound not to raise issues which might divide the majority elected to resist Separation. They may be, we do not think they are likely to be, forced upon him. So long as he has the support of a working majority of the House of Commons he is bound to go on; and if, by any chance, that support should be withdrawn, it would be his duty to appeal as Minister from the House to the country.

These are elementary considerations, not only of political tactics, but of political ethics. A speculative dissolution usually turns out to be a bad speculation, as Mr. GLADSTONE found in 1874, and as Lord BEACONSFIELD, though he had only a few months' margin left him, found in 1880. Mr. GLADSTONE has been told in plain terms by some of his public advisers that people are ceasing to care much about Home Rule; his private advisers are probably even more emphatic and explicit. Hence his coquetry and that of his lieutenants with every fad and crotchet which can bring a handful of recruits into his camp. It is conceivable that three years hence, if fortune is not rashly tempted, Home Rule may be a cause as completely lost as Secession in the United States or Revision in France. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL will be living on their memories, as JEFFERSON DAVIS did and as General BOULANGER is doing. The true tactics of the Government are Fabian tactics. The motley rabble of Anti-Vaccinationists, pro-C. D. men and women, the partisans of hydrophobia, and the advocates of the canine right of free biting, all the blended societies for the diffusion of noxious diseases, the Local Optionists, the land nationalizers, the "Down with the House of Lords" and anti-Monarchymen, the twelve hours' wages for eight hours' work men, these and other groups into which Mr. GLADSTONE has resolved the once great historic party which rashly trusted him, are held together merely by a sort of me-

chanical pressure. They are not consubstantiated. They are in contact, but not in union. Unless some imprudence on the part of the Government enables them to make common cause at a critical moment, they are likely to fall asunder, and may presently be at war with each other. Home Rule will not permanently help these things, nor will these things permanently help Home Rule. The ill-assorted levies, each fighting for its own hand, may prove more fatal to their allies than to the common enemy.

The one thing essential is to allow time for this decomposition to set in. The motive which prompts the Gladstonians' cry for a dissolution is the conviction that, if it does not come now, it will come too late. They are not confident even that, coming now, it would be of service to them; but that is their only chance, and that chance they must not have. The argument from recent bye-elections is an argument against them, if the precedents of 1874-80 and 1880-85 afford any criterion. Mr. GLADSTONE's belief in the unpopularity, deserved or undeserved, of old Governments should be a reason with him for waiting for the expiration of the Septennial term, instead of precipitating a dissolution now, if an interior misgiving did not belie a superficial persuasion. We need not go back to the times of PITT and LIVERPOOL to prove that Ministries may outlast Parliaments, surviving through three dissolutions. What happened before 1832 is apparently ancient history. The modern politician declines to trouble himself with anything which he cannot find in *Whitaker's Almanack*. But even since Mr. GLADSTONE's Year One of the present or reforming era, to parody Mr. YELLOWPLUSH's chronology, there have been Ministries which have survived a dissolution. Lord GREY's did, Lord MELBOURNE's did, Lord JOHN RUSSELL's did, Lord PALMERSTON's did twice, though in the latter instance he himself but briefly outlived it. In the case of Lord MELBOURNE the dissolution of Parliament was due to the demise of the Crown, in that of the RUSSELL Administration to the expiry of the term of the Conservative Parliament of 1841. But the election of 1865 showed that an old Government may remain a popular Government, if it has been a Government which has known how to unite jealousy for the integrity of the Empire and the defences of the kingdom, and sensitiveness to the national honour and the influence of England abroad, with a skilful administration of the national resources. The precedent of the Government in which Lord PALMERSTON was Prime Minister, Lord RUSSELL Foreign Secretary, and Mr. GLADSTONE Chancellor of the Exchequer, is of good omen for a Government in which Lord SALISBURY is Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and Mr. GOSCHEN is Chancellor of the Exchequer. The see-saw of parties and party-leaders, first between Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE, and then between Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SALISBURY, which has gone on since 1868, does not establish a law of alternation. On the theory of moral probabilities the time, we should say, has about come for the order to be broken. But it will be soon enough to speculate on this possibility two or three years hence.

THE PORTUGUESE IMBROGLIO.

THE unfavourable comments, both at home and abroad, on the action which Lord SALISBURY took in reference to the filibustering of Major SERPA PINTO are much more interesting than the merits of that action or its practical results. As even violent Gladstonians admitted, before it became possible both to accept the results and scold Lord SALISBURY for attaining them, the Portuguese simply had not a leg to stand on. If it could be once allowed that the smaller man or nation may with impunity insult and attack the bigger, every householder must be prepared to permit his house to be quietly "cracked" if the burglar can produce duly authenticated certificates showing that he is an inch shorter and two pounds lighter than the proprietor. If the so-called claims are taken into consideration, even putting out of sight the fact that England has steadily refused to admit them, King CARLOS, being, as it has been very appositely pointed out, "Lord of Persia" by claim, might as well send the "garrison of Goa" (the despatch of which formidable body to Mozambique, leaving Goa undefended, argues, by the way, a touching confidence in the honour of the pirate Briton) to reconquer Ormuz and annex the mainland of Iran. No reasonable Englishman will be for a moment angry with the Portuguese people for their excitement, or even for the insults to the

English Legation and Consulate. The exquisite absurdity of the Duke of Palmillo's returning his Crimean medal (exalted by rumour into a Victoria Cross) with an almost textual echo of that other naval officer of Mr. GILBERT's ("For to hit a Portugee, It's like wopping of a she, It's a lubberly thing for to do") ought to conciliate every Briton. Such proceedings, if not very wise or dignified, are exceedingly natural and very easily forgiven. Nor should any pains be spared, ill as the Portuguese authorities have behaved, to soothe their very excusably ruffled temper, and to get them to come to a reasonable understanding and delimitation.

Very amusing, however, and very edifying, are the comments made by Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Irish Nationalists, English Gladstonians, and other foreigners, on the brutal conduct of Albion, the last-named class of complainants being certainly not the least fruitful of diversion. Many of them imitated the prudent conduct of their chief London organ, which took a day to think of the news before commenting on it; but few emulated the ingenuity of that paper, which, when it did comment, appears to have had two articles written, one praising, one condemning, Lord SALISBURY's action, and to have then printed them in alternate sentences. Continental commentators have naturally not felt constrained to follow this arrangement of two voices. The Spaniards (whose affection for Portugal both as a sister nation and an independent Power is well known and has been proved through many centuries) are loud in their wrath. But they will hardly agree with certain German *Anglophobes* that the case is a parallel one to that of the Carolines. The differences may be briefly stated. Almost any impartial and expert third person would have said that the Carolines belonged to Spain; almost any impartial and expert third person would have said that no part of South Central Africa, except the coast belts of Loanda and Mozambique, belonged to Portugal. Nor do we remember that Spain began to assert her claims on the Carolines by attacking and massacring persons under German protection, and violently compelling them to haul down and deliver up the German flag. If she had, we fancy that it is not to His Holiness that Prince BISMARCK would have referred that matter. As for the French, few Frenchmen know anything whatever of political geography, and the description of the "elephant-swamps" of the Nyassa and Shiré, untrodden by Portuguese foot for centuries, as "the fairest of Portugal's colonial possessions" is a delightful Gallicism. Nearly all Frenchmen, as Mr. GLADSTONE does not know, and every one else does, are furious at the idea of England with her "long teeth" (we are anxiously expecting the "large feet," which would be quite apposite, to follow) obtaining any advantage or benefit whatever. All this, in short, means nothing except that no nation likes another nation to be successful, and that probably more nations would like England not to be successful than in any other case. It has always been so; it is the curse—and, after all, a light curse enough—of our fortune. As for the frantic snarling of the Irish Nationalists, we can spare no room for them here; but somebody with leisure might make a most amusing and instructive collection of these illustrations of the Union of Hearts.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

IT is, of course, impossible to feel any sympathy with HENRY JAMES WINNER, the cabman, who was convicted of perjury at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday. The sentence of twelve months' hard labour which the Recorder passed upon him was, after all, upon the side of leniency, for a worse offence than WINNER's it would be difficult to conceive. But if WINNER were to plead that he is not a greater scoundrel or a greater criminal than scores of others who go scot free, and even return, like the sow that was washed, to their wallowing in the mire, it would not be easy to deny either the truth or the force of the remark. It is, indeed, no excuse for WINNER, either legally or morally, that he is only one of a numerous and loathsome gang. But while his solitary conviction is no more than justice requires, it is a good deal less. The Divorce Court, where WINNER gave his false evidence, is, we may almost say, frequented by men who are prepared to earn, and who do earn, a dishonest livelihood by swearing against the characters of innocent women. The THIRKETTLE case, in which WINNER figured, was a bad one; but it was not by many degrees so bad as the FRENCH-BREWSTER case, out of which no prosecution for perjury has yet arisen. On that gross

scandal we have already commented at some length; and certainly there never was a grosser. Mr. Justice BUTT—for some reason best known to himself—treated the lies about Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER as much less serious than those concocted against Mrs. THIRKETTLE. No doubt the instance of this cabman is very glaring, and well qualified to illustrate the ease with which these things are done. WINSER deposed that he had driven Mrs. THIRKETTLE and a gentleman to a house in which the gentleman resided. As a matter of fact, the house was inhabited by another gentleman of the same name. The attempt failed. The testimony was not believed. Mrs. THIRKETTLE's character escaped, and no harm was done to any one except the cabman. But all that is merely the chapter of accidents. Cross-examination is a valuable weapon, but it is not always efficacious. Every lawyer knows that it is less powerful in breaking down deliberate falsehood than in bringing out the discrepancies in a fictitious narrative which may be founded on honest mistake. All the more reason is there for taking strong measures when a falsehood of this kind has been satisfactorily exposed. Some perjuries committed in the Divorce Court the law wisely passes over in silence. A familiar sentiment was paradoxically expressed by the moralist who observed, "The man who wouldn't tell a lie to save a woman's honour must be such an infernal blackguard that I wouldn't believe him on his oath, although I knew that every word he said was true." Even where the motive is no higher or nobler than the instinct of self-preservation, it would, as a general rule, be absurd to inflict punishment for what is little more than a formal defence to the charge.

It will be curious and interesting to see whether WINSER's fate, following opportunely upon Mr. Punch's cartoon, has any discouraging influence upon this department of the private inquiry office. But whether that desirable result be attained or not, the precedent of WINSER's case should be followed. There are a considerable number of unscrupulous men who, from one cause or another, wish to get rid of their wives. Sometimes they murder them, but more often they are afraid of the gallows. They therefore endeavour, with hideous perversion of the English language for which they are responsible, to "divorce" them. In many of the American States it is not necessary to invent a particularly odious calumny for this purpose. "Incompatibility of temper" may be established without foul accusations and disgusting details. In England the marriage tie is supposed to be indissoluble until the marriage vow has been violated. Moreover, one party must be guilty and one innocent. This illogical compromise, based on the self-contradictory propositions that conjugal infidelity does and that it does not dissolve the union, has been mercilessly riddled by Mr. GLADSTONE. But it is as practically mischievous as it is theoretically unsound. It serves as a direct encouragement to the subornation of perjury, first for the purpose of incriminating the respondent, and then with the retaliatory object of proving that the petitioner does not "come into court with clean hands." Some people think, or talk as if they thought, that, when there is sure to be plenty of hard swearing, prosecutions for perjury are unsuitable and almost pedantic. But the only way of stopping wholesale mendacity and of restoring something like decency to a tribunal where it has never been too common is to show that the penalties provided by law will sometimes, and may at any time, be enforced. Affiliation orders were tempting fields for false oaths, and it was once almost impossible to get at the truth in such circumstances. But a few men were taught that, at all events where the rates were or might be concerned, they could not deny everything with impunity, and the consequence was all that could be desired. In the Divorce Court judges and juries have to deal with some of the most degraded specimens of humanity to be found in the world. These creatures might deceive the very elect—much more Mr. Justice BUTT and a special jury. The only agency by which they can be managed is fear, and the only thing of which they are afraid is the inside of a gaol. If the conviction and punishment of WINSER do not induce these animals to speak the truth, it will at least make them rather more careful how they lie.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

THE consecrated phrase, "He died in the fulness of years and of honours," could not be more aptly used of any man than of Lord NAPIER of Magdala. Sixty-three years ago he received his first commission in the East India

Company's service, and it is just over ten years since he was selected, very fitly, to command the expedition which it was thought probable might be needed to check the advance of Russia in Eastern Europe. In the course of the half-century which lies between these two dates Lord NAPIER of Magdala had gone through a variety of service, such as could not be paralleled in the life of any officer of any other army in the world. Our, in some respects wholesome, practice of thinking with modesty of our soldiering, when it is compared with the larger operations of Continental war, leads Englishmen to somewhat underrate the achievements of such officers as Lord NAPIER. He never had an opportunity to handle a great army, or to fight against a civilized enemy. Campaigns against barbarians, however courageous, ought, perhaps, never to be allowed to rank with fighting against equals. Yet they have difficulties of their own which are not met with in European warfare, and which require on the part of generals and soldiers the display of qualities not inferior to those demanded in regular warfare. It would be foolish, indeed, to compare the storm of King THEODORE's fortress, considered by itself, with the fight for the Arapiles, or any one of half a dozen actions in the Franco-German war. Yet, if the whole Abyssinian campaign is compared with any section of that great struggle, it will not appear inferior as an operation of war. There were difficulties to be overcome which are not met with in the highly cultivated countries of Europe, full of roads and abounding in resources. It is certain that, if the European portion at least of Lord NAPIER's army had there and then been called upon to serve on the Moselle or the Loire, it would have held its own with or against Germans or Frenchmen. It is by no means equally certain that, if the pick of Marshal MOLTKE's army had been suddenly required to march from Annesley Bay to Magdala, it would have extricated itself from the task with as much success as the British expeditionary force did.

Not a little of Lord NAPIER's service was of a kind very remote, indeed, from the experience of his colleagues of European armies. As a member of the Bengal Engineers he belonged to a force which not only had to fight and do purely military work; he had also to assist in covering a great province with roads and canals. The old jest which asserted that if the British armies retired from India they would leave nothing behind them but the remains of broken soda-water bottles was never much truer than a jape need be. It has long ceased to possess any truth whatever, and Colonel ROBERT NAPIER did as much as any man to prove its emptiness. After taking an active part in the Sikh wars which completed the British conquest of India, he was engaged for years as chief engineer in the Punjab. While in that office he covered the newly-acquired North-West Province with roads both military and commercial. He was, in fact, employed in labours similar in kind to those by which the Roman legionaries left permanent traces of themselves in so many parts of Europe. When the Mutiny broke out he was engaged in similar work in Bengal. In the fighting which followed he had not full opportunity to display his powers. He was first under the command of OUTRAM, and then of the late Lord STRATHNAIRN, in Central India; but he proved himself a thoroughly competent officer, and had a principal share in hunting down TANTIA TOPEE, the ablest of the rebel leaders. In the Chinese war he was again second in command; but there, too, he had a large share in the success of operations which were hampered by the necessity of acting with French allies commanded by a shifty officer of the bad Imperialist stamp. He had his chance, after forty years of service, when an army had to be sent in 1867 to Abyssinia, to make good much bungling diplomacy. The Conservative Ministry, which was not responsible for the mixture of weakness and want of tact which made the expedition necessary, had the good sense, not only to select a competent general, but to leave him complete freedom of action. The expedition was accordingly completely successful, and if it was enormously costly (first and last it cost a good twenty millions) parsimony at the beginning would certainly have cost us more in the long run. If the campaign was not done cheaply, it was, at least, done thoroughly, and was marked by excellent good management throughout. Lord NAPIER's subsequent services afforded him few opportunities for distinction, but what work he had to do he did well. When he spoke in the House of Lords it was on subjects of which he was master, and he was listened to as a very distinguished representative of that race of soldiers who have built up the Empire of India.

THE ABUSE OF CARICATURE.

WHEN the Duke of WELLINGTON was asked whether he did not think "H. B.'s" caricatures of him insulting, he is said to have replied, "Oh, I don't care a twopenny 'damn for those things in the shop windows. That's the 'only caricature I mind,' indicating by a nod another one. But even the Duke had feelings, and objected very much to being removed from the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner. So far as caricatures go, he was fortunate in the opportunity of his death. JOHN DOYLE cannot be compared in firmness of outline with Mr. TENNIEL, or in smoothness of touch with Mr. DU MAURIER. But he had much wit and cleverness, he was not vulgar, and he had a thorough appreciation of political personages. His PEEL, his DUKE, his JOHN RUSSELL, and his DANIEL O'CONNELL are real, vivid, speaking figures, made slightly ridiculous, no doubt, but still genuine, lifelike, and characteristic. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's fall from his elephant, or Lord BROUGHAM's worship of the rising sun, are worth pages of dissertation on the character of the Whig Chancellor, or on the celebrated Gates of Somnauth. It never occurred to "H. B." that a caricature must necessarily be ugly, or that distorted limbs and bloated features were essential to its success. We have become accustomed to that theory, along with portraits of Mr. BARNUM, and other still more offensive horrors of the hoarding. The evening papers furnish their readers with representations of public men so odious as to suggest that we must all be a race of satyrs. The late Captain PLUNKETT, for instance, was so maltreated by one of these daubers that the result was an outrage upon public decency. Mr. *Punch's* "Puzzle-headed People" are not attractive specimens of the human physiognomy as moulded by the artistic pencil. But Mr. FURNESS may say that they do not profess to be ordinary likenesses. *Vanity Fair*, on the other hand, does affect to reproduce, with more or less exaggeration and comic development, the countenances of persons well known in the world. Some of the earliest efforts of this periodical were admirable in their kind. A few later productions deserve high praise. But of late the attempts have not been happy, and the portrait in last week's number transgresses all the bounds of decorum. A squat figure, as of an African dwarf, is surmounted by a visage which would make acquittal hopeless for a prisoner in the dock. It is a bestial picture, being swollen and indescribably hideous. A libel has been defined as anything written or drawn which holds a man up to hatred, ridicule, or contempt. These are exactly the sentiments which such a delineation must have been intended to excite.

The subject of this charming sketch is Mr. EDWARD PIGOTT, the Examiner of Plays. Mr. PIGOTT is a scholar and a gentleman, a man of much social popularity and great literary attainments. Although he discharges public functions of a useful and important kind, he has never coveted publicity, nor given any one the right to make free with his personal appearance. Mr. PIGOTT is probably too hardened a journalist, and too experienced a man of the world, to feel his position very acutely. But he has many friends, to whom his kindly smile and pleasant greeting are always welcome, and who must be deeply indignant at this pictorial insult. Sensible men are not often vain, even when they have a right to be so. But every man may, without incurring the reproach of vanity, resent being portrayed as the vilest and most degraded type of his species. We have a great deal too much caricature, and yet caricatures have never been so bad. *Vanity Fair* is not always lucky in its selection of subjects. But Mr. PIGOTT is a very good one, and that makes the insult more atrocious. Caricature proper seems to be going the way of irony, and satire, and innuendo, and sarcastic compliment, and other old-fashioned devices for avoiding what is distinctly brutal. All these ornaments of controversy and criticism are going down before the new journalism. Everything must be exaggerated or nobody will pay any attention to it. The bludgeon is substituted for the rapier, and a spade is habitually described as a disagreeable sort of shovel. The penalty of all this cursing and swearing is natural and inevitable. The habitual abuse of language, or of art, eventually deprives both the one and the other of all meaning whatsoever. When Lord MELBOURNE's brother had damned his visitor, and damned the Poor Law Bill, and damned the paupers, he was at the end of his resources. As Lord MELBOURNE put it with an oath, "What more could he do?" Reserve is a matter of social

prudence, as well as of moral obligation. Superlatives, said TALLEYRAND, are the marks of fools. They are, indeed, worse than useless in the hands of those who do not know how to use them. But of all arts, that in which moderation ought most to rule supreme is caricature. There is a mouldering stone head on one of the churches at Venice which shows to what caricature may come. No one can look at it for ten minutes without sickening disgust. When the systematic abuse of a respectable accomplishment is applied to the dissemination of personal libel, it is time to speak out, and difficult to abstain from superlatives.

INCOME-TAX.

A GOOD deal of attention has been attracted by a recent article in the *Times*, discussing how much Mr. GOSCHEN's surplus will be, and what he will do with it. The article contained the following eminently just and appropriate, if rather platitudinous, observation:—"The 'heaviest burden of taxation falls, under our modern 'system, on the classes who pay Income-tax.' The writer went on to observe that in common fairness the classes on whom the heaviest burden falls ought to be the first to be relieved when it turns out that that burden was heavier than the public necessities actually required. The logic of the *Times* is faultless, and if the counsels of Chancellors of the Exchequer were regulated only by considerations of abstract wisdom and equal-handed justice, it would not have been worth while to make so obvious a remark.

As the counsels of Ministers are notoriously subject to many other influences besides a hankering after the ideals just indicated, it was felt by those interested that the observation of the *Times* required to be further enforced, and accordingly one "Middle-Class" seized his indignant pen and made two complaints. The first was that, whereas the profits of an occupation carried on by him had declined, were declining, and seemed reasonably certain to go on declining; and whereas this circumstance had been carefully explained by him to the persons charged with the collection of his Income-tax, he had recently returned from abroad to discover that, instead of his assessment having undergone a corresponding shrinkage, "it had been 'simply doubled.' The second complaint was that the lease of a house which he had taken at a high rent was assessed for Income-tax at five per cent. over the actual rent, whereby, inasmuch as his landlord was liable only for the tax on the actual rent received by him, "Middle-Class" had to "pay the balance to save trouble." This brought on an instructive correspondence. There were letters written to prove that "Middle-Class" could recover the overcharge paid by him in respect of the income, the assessment of which was "simply" but wrongfully doubled. Also that his house-rent was rightly assessed at five per cent. more than it actually was, because the rateable value is the gross value, and that his lease was worth more than the rent he paid, because it was a repairing lease—that is, he was bound to do repairs at his own expense. This truly beautiful piece of law was not, it is fair to say, commended as a triumph of reasonable justice. Further, there was a most pleasing letter from a gentleman who had frequently acted as assessor, and whose experience had taught him that the assessments of humble persons wishing to be honest are habitually "run up" by the higher officials; while men who are fluent in dealing with figures and facile in their treatment of oaths commonly succeed in their more or less fraudulent appeals. And "H. E. G." told a touching tale of how, being assessed at a profit of 150*l.* supposed to be made by the sale of milk, he explained to the "local agent" that his sales of milk did not produce a profit, but only mitigated a loss; how the "local agent" thereupon assured him that he "need not attend to appeal"; how he took the "local agent" at his word; and how the Commissioners, without calling upon him for information or making any inquiry into the facts at all, except, presumably, from the "local agent"—who was probably the surveyor—reduced the assessment of the non-existent profit from 150*l.* to 80*l.* Nor are tokens wanting to show how grossly Mr. GOSCHEN was misinformed when he told the House of Commons last year that no especial pressure was being used in the collection of Income-tax, and how completely that unfortunate denial has caused especial pressure to continue to be used from that time up to the

present moment. One such token, as it happens, lies before us. A taxpayer assessed under Schedule D received the usual demand note, dated the 1st of January, 1890, and containing the generous intimation that, if the sum he was required to pay did not exceed 50*l.*, he could, on paying the amount at a post-office, "within 21 days from the date 'hereof,' obtain, free of charge, a Post Office Order for the amount so paid, which would be accepted by the surveyor in payment of the tax. The words quoted are printed in the notice in heavy type. On the 16th of January—that is, five days before the expiration of the time thus suggested for payment—he received peremptory notice that, if he did not pay the amount due "forthwith," legal proceedings would be taken for its recovery.

The moral of all this is exceedingly clear. A plain man like "Middle-Class," or, at any rate, like the vast majority of persons of whom the middle class is made up, cannot grasp the intricate principles, for instance, of the Income-tax Acts as judicially construed, as to what proportion of the taxes exacted from a landlord the State actually takes from the tenant, and how much of it the tenant is entitled to get back from the landlord as reduction of rent or otherwise. If he could grasp them, he would probably not have time to work the matter out in a way satisfactory to himself. As a rule he pays, growling, whatever is demanded of him. Occasionally the extortion stings him to energetic action. When it does, supposing him to triumph over all the difficulties and technicalities as to notice and the like, carefully put in his way, he probably discovers that, through his ignorance, he has paid away considerable sums for which he was not liable, and which were unlawfully exacted from him by reason of his reluctance to have an execution in his house. He has no remedy except—sometimes—getting his money back at a greater or less expenditure of time, trouble, and money. The officials who robbed him did so in good faith, and cannot be compelled to make redress. What is the obvious and necessary result? To make an honest man take to cheating the Government. Income-tax is almost as clumsy as it is harsh and offensive in its operation, and any one who gives his mind to it finds that, for a man who has once got over his dislike to telling lies, it is quite as easy to defraud the Government of what you ought to pay as to let them defraud you of what you ought not to pay. The practical result of the whole institution is that probably at least ninety-nine per cent. of the persons who annually pay Income-tax either deliberately cheat or more or less deliberately let themselves be cheated. These are grave evils, and damaging alike to patriotism and to self-respect. Mr. GOSCHEN will do well to think of them seriously.

IRELAND.

IT is to be regarded, we suppose, as a proof of the triumphant success of the Tenants' Defence Association that the Parnellite press find it necessary every week or so to lecture some local community or other seriously on their slackness in supporting the movement, and to compare their Laodicean temperature with the alleged fervour of somebody else. The last recipient of one of these admonitions is the most important, the laggard district being a no less notable one than the county of Dublin. That county, the *Freeman's Journal* complains, has not done its duty. Nearly four weeks, it says, have elapsed since "the Convention was 'held within the historic walls of the Rotunda,' and two resolutions were passed—one undertaking to contribute an amount equal to 3*l.* in the pound on the rateable valuation of the tenants present at the meeting, and another directing the secretaries and treasurers to summon a meeting for the purpose of making parochial collections. What have they been doing? the *Freeman* wants to know. "Only one collection 'has been made, and that came from Rush.' 'From,' it will be observed, not 'with.' No doubt the mockery of that name has lent a keener note of anguish to the Nationalist journal's bitter cry. 'What have they been doing' indeed? The question almost reminds us in its pathetic perplexity of Pepys's, who, after recording that the supplies for the navy amounted to some five and a half millions, and its charges to only a little over two, pensively queries, "So what is become of all this sum, 2,390,000*l.*?" It is quite evident, we agree with the *Freeman*, that the Dublin County tenants who met within the "historic walls" cannot be got to rate themselves quite as readily as they rated

Mr. BALFOUR, and that the secretaries and treasurers have not been circulating the hat for parochial collections with any excess of vigour. They are "neither appreciative of 'the heroic sacrifices which the men of Tipperary have been 'making, nor yet jealous of the splendid munificence of Cork.'" Even the "littletown of Youghal, in the centre of the afflicted 'Ponsonby district,' with its contribution of no less a sum than 760*l.* odd, has not succeeded in shaming Dublin, the richest county in the country, into doing its duty to the fund. Perhaps, however, the Parnellite preacher a little overshoots the mark in his subsequent and more detailed references to Tipperary, whose people, he declared, were "making sacrifices in defence, not of themselves at all, 'but of humbler oppressed tenants elsewhere, cheerfully 'giving up their business establishments, their homes and 'their rich farms, and rivalling Cork itself in the promptness 'and magnificent generosity of their contribution to the 'Tenants' Defence Fund.'" Seeing, however, that these are the very tenants who are said to be oppressed by Mr. SMITH-BARRY with excessive rents, it is just possible that their surrender of their "business establishments and rich 'farms" may have produced upon the Dublin tenant of the less fortunate class a somewhat different impression from what was intended. Possibly he may have asked himself whether it would be quite wise of him to make any pecuniary sacrifices on his own part to assist other "victims" of a landlord whose tenants, on the whole, seem so fairly well able to "live and thrive."

In Tipperary itself, of course, a different view is taken of the obligation of well-to-do tenants. So strict, indeed, is the canon of duty prescribed to them, that even a "trusted 'parish priest" apparently has failed to live up to it. The case of Father POWER is certainly a most piquant illustration of this. The reverend father, it appears, was, in conjunction with others, the tenant of a Miss SADLEIR, who held under Mr. SMITH-BARRY. The lady's lease, which expired some weeks ago, has been renewed for three years, and, on its renewal, she allowed Father POWER and several other under-tenants to remain in possession, though they had previously been served with ejectment notices, and had assured her they would pay no rent. This, however, is not enough for the "stalwart" party in Tipperary, who contend that Father POWER ought to have given up his house of his own accord, and gone forth to live "among his people." Now the father's people are billeted on their friends just at present, and his reverence evidently thinks that he will be more comfortable where he is. Having satisfied his clerical conscience by giving notice that he will pay no rent, he is no doubt perplexed to find that he has not succeeded in contenting his parishioners. Can you do more for the cause, he perhaps asks himself, than live in a house and pay no rent for it? And is the virtue of that act diminished by the fact that you do not superfluously and gratuitously accompany it with the infliction upon yourself of wholly unnecessary discomfort, for which landlordism, as such, will be none the worse and the "cause" none the better? Or, if it be contended that the moral effect of withholding rent from the landlord would be enhanced by the spectacle of a priest undergoing the hardship of being billeted on his friends, is it not obvious to reply that the practical effect of his withholding of rent would or might, on the other hand, be absolutely destroyed by a step which might enable the landlord to re-let the tenement? Nay, and even morally, is not the sight of a priest using a landlord's property and refusing to pay for it a more impressive spectacle than would be that of his yielding it up? The question of casuistry is an extremely difficult one, and we are of opinion that the Reverend Father POWER cannot too soon put himself in communication with Mr. GLADSTONE.

We have not ourselves found anything in the proceedings at the second meeting of the Incorporated Law Society to suggest any intention on their part to criticize unfavourably the action of the Land Purchase Commissioners. Since this, however, seems to be the impression of Mr. Commissioner M'CARTHY, it is natural that he should have made the detailed statement on the subject of the work of the Commission which has recently appeared in the newspapers. It will, at all events, have succeeded in disabusing anybody who stands in need thereof of the mistaken general belief that the Commissioners are unduly slow in their movements, and of the specific delusion that there are arrears of advances amounting to two and a half millions. The fact is, as Mr. M'CARTHY points out, that there are, strictly speak-

ing, no arrears at all. This difference between the amount of loans sanctioned and the amount issued is due wholly to the fact that the Commissioners are, as regards a certain number of applications, not yet in possession of the evidence which would justify them in making the issue. Thus, of the advances sanctioned up to August last, there was at least 400,000*l.* in respect of which no details of title had been lodged; and in at least an equal number of cases the title lodged proved to be defective. The delay, therefore, such as it is, is a necessary incident of the work done by the Commission under a system of real property laws which might, no doubt, be simplified, but which, while it remains as it is, imperatively precludes any more rapid rate of progress. "It was quite impossible," said the Commissioner in heartfelt accents, for himself and his colleagues "consistently with duty to take people's words for their titles, to pay away vast sums of money on bad titles, or to disregard the rights and equities of incumbrancers, annuitants, and children." As to the comparison which has been drawn between the proceedings of the Incumbered Estates Court and those of the Land Purchase Commission, it is undeniably favourable to the latter body. During the eight years of the Incumbered Estates Court there were 8,364 conveyances, while the returns of the Purchase Commissioners show that in half that time they had completed more than 11,820 conveyances or vesting orders. When, moreover, we consider that there is no sort of parity in respect of complexity of detail between the work of the two bodies—that the Incumbered Estates Court sold estates *en bloc*, and by auction to the highest bidder, whereas the Purchase Commission have to lend State money to every purchaser, to satisfy themselves that he is a free agent, that his holding is a sufficient security for his advance, and that he possesses means to discharge his obligation to the State—the fact that the latter body has in four years got through nearly fifty per cent. more cases than the former disposed of in twice the time is certainly creditable to their industry and despatch.

LORD HARTINGTON.

IT is in complete accordance with the modest dignity that marks Lord HARTINGTON's political career that his illness—at one time somewhat grave—should have crept to the knowledge of the world as if it concerned nobody but himself, his family, and his friends. In truth, there are not more than three men in the kingdom, below the rank of royalty, whose life is more important or whose death would be more deeply felt in its consequences. In saying this, we are not merely thinking of the party commotions that would ensue upon an event which we may speak of with the greater freedom because it has most happily been averted at present. Commotion enough there would be, no doubt; profound regret amongst Conservative partisans, a nearly hopeless dejection amongst Liberal partisans, and—after the decent but unabiding tear had been shed—a great change of feeling elsewhere which we may simply describe as a different one. In the raging political contests of the last three years, more bitterness has been directed upon the Liberal-Unionists than upon any other party. The hostilities of Conservative and Radical have retained their old character pretty much: robust and determined, but without the envenomed hate that disgraces political warfare in France. From the birthplace of Jacobinism this vitriolic quality has been imported into England of late, with a certain supply of Jacobinism itself; but it has not been much used against the more pronounced enemies of extreme Radicalism. Occasional jets are directed against Lord SALISBURY; Mr. BALFOUR suffers yet more, or would suffer if he were sensible of the application; but we are always aware in their case of the difference between pleasure and business in attack. It is on the whilom friends of our Frenchified Radicals that the mordant importation is poured with complete malice of intention. In a recent speech Mr. GLADSTONE himself—not that he can be described as Jacobinical exactly—marked down the Liberal-Unionists and the Liberal-Unionist chiefs as "the enemy" above all. These were the true sons of Belial. Amongst them were to be found the supreme transgressors who sin against the light. But, vigorous as was Mr. GLADSTONE's denunciation, what he then said was not the inspiration, but only the sanction, of a spirit of hatred hitherto unknown in English politics. All this while Lord HARTINGTON has

been the right arm of Liberal-Unionism as well as its head. There are many men of authority in its ranks; but it is about him that they gather, he represents them all and speaks for them all with a weight which none can pretend to equal; and, to put the matter roundly, the defeat or disappearance of Lord HARTINGTON would half destroy the Liberal-Unionists as a party. Yet how much is he attacked? How often do the Gladstonian Radicals of any variety use upon him the unlawful weapons which they so freely employ upon less redoubtable foes? Very rarely indeed; and the explanation is not far to seek. He is protected, not by unwillingness to use any possible means of destroying what is most hated, but a little by their own sense of a homely loftiness of character almost if not quite unmatched in political life, and more by the knowledge that the whole country is sensible of it too. Lord HARTINGTON has never laid himself out to attract the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen, as a politician may do without much derogation from self-respect. And of course it is very profitable work to succeed in; but Lord HARTINGTON has been withheld from the attempt by a pride which is partly patrician (but not necessarily the worse on that account), and partly of another sort which is ever present in men who have the luck to be born noble. But, though he has never put himself out of the way for one moment to cultivate the sympathies of masses or classes either, he has gained the trustful admiration of both, and that in the surest way. For years and years past Englishmen have been bewildered by an astonishing gabble of cleverness, brilliancy, and the like; but at bottom they remain unmoved in their dependency on Character, and are as quick as ever to find it out wherever it exists. Brilliancy of mind is very attractive, of course; and the devilish clever fellow will always have his admirers, who will sometimes carry him far, though he usually has to be dropped before his devilish cleverness is exhausted. The deepest trust and the firmest admiration are given to probity of intellect, which in many cases is not brilliant at all. Character—we must leave the word to express its own meaning—is, of course, what every public man is studious to affect, if he has it not; but no amount of care, no amount of ingenuity, can long conceal its absence. Where character is wanting the lack of it is sure to be betrayed sooner or later. It will come out in "the rough and tumble" of political life, and is certain to be revealed under its constant temptations for the weak in that particular. But, luckily, neither can character be overlooked where it does exist, and denial of it is never possible. All the world does not agree with Lord HARTINGTON in political opinion; but every Englishman who knows him as public men are generally known, recognizes in the Liberal leader the absence of flourish and self-seeking, the steady soundness of mind, the unconscious, undeviating intellectual probity that mark the man of character. And then we flatter ourselves that minds like Lord HARTINGTON's are peculiarly "English." He represents more distinctly than any other politician of his time, perhaps, our English ideal of a statesman in character and conduct, if not to all of us in opinion and judgment. At some point we are always in sympathy with him, every man of us. To "run him down" by anything but fair argument is what no political faction will attempt as long as it keeps an eye to the judicious; and therefore it is that the Gladstonian Radicals, though they know Lord HARTINGTON to be the very cornerstone of the party they hate the most and would soonest destroy, are particularly careful in choosing words to fling at him. Perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN suffers all the more on that account.

Not that we suppose Lord HARTINGTON to have many enemies even amongst the most rabid Gladstonians. They cannot be insensible to the substantial merits of his character. There must be something in them all that responds to the general recognition of his high unselfish conduct, and his disdain of all manner of political meanness. They are Gladstonians, but they must remember or must have heard of the laborious judgment with which he worked to build up the Liberal party after its disasters in 1874 (when it was abandoned as a hopeless ruin by its great chief), and did build it up. Some respect they must have for the unassuming spirit in which he resigned the leadership when it was snatched from him in 1880 by the man who was to break the party to pieces once more; and even some understanding of the patient loyalty that must have been strained to the utmost, and yet did not break, under the astonishing conduct of

affairs from 1880 to 1885. And that is not all either. Wherever a ray of wholesome reason lingers in any Gladstonian mind, there must be some perception of the fact that it will be a bad day for England when men of Lord HARTINGTON's stamp are hustled out of political life by the brisk, characterless rufflers who are crowding into it as a paying profession.

EGERIA LIEVEN.

THE publication of the *Correspondence between the Princess Lieven and Earl Grey* (RICHARD BENTLEY & Son) can be justified by every species of justification except perhaps one, commonly required in a case of this sort. It was certain to be believed that the letters would be highly interesting, and the world would not be satisfied on that point till it saw them. Then the Princess certainly intended that the letters should be published—Lord GREY's, as she said in her graceful, feminine way, because they were valuable; her own because they served to explain his. Her wishes as to date of publication have been scrupulously followed. It cannot, therefore, be said that the publication was either superfluous or indiscreet. The possible want of justification at which we have hinted is to be found in the character of the letters themselves. It will probably occur to some readers to ask, now that the letters are out, whether they really were worth printing; but that is a question for discussion, and it may be idle at all times. The First Gentleman (not GEORGE IV., but he of *Measure for Measure*) held "the sanctimonious pirate" justified in that he scraped the eighth commandment out of his table, since "'twas a commandment to command the 'captain and all the rest from their functions.' A commandment to be rigid in inquiring into the intrinsic value of the correspondence they publish may be as pardonably scraped out of the table by editors and publishers, for it would in too many cases command them from their functions. As to the manner of the publication, we agree most heartily with Mr. GUY LE STRANGE, the editor, that it is in one respect unfortunate. The Princess wrote in French. Mr. LE STRANGE wished, most properly, to publish her letters in the language in which they were written, and Earl GREY's in English, as *they* were written. But publishers would hear of no such parti-coloured production, and Mr. LE STRANGE was compelled to turn the Princess into English. He has done it as well as was to have been expected from his very critical reluctance to do it at all. We cannot think the various publishers, who have been consulted, have shown more than the distinguished sagacity of their order in this opinion of theirs. Anybody who takes a sufficient interest in politics to read these two volumes both would and could read French. He would also certainly prefer to have the Princess's letters as they were written—in the language in which it is so easy to be epigrammatic; for the lady, as all the world knew, was nothing if not epigrammatic.

This book must have an interest altogether independent of what it may have to tell of the secrets of Courts and cabinets. The Princess LIEVEN was a conspicuous figure in her day. She was one of those attractive ladies of whom not a little is heard in the history of politics—the "EGERIA" of this famous man or of that. Much is written of them, and to them, and their names figure in great transactions. Now, as regards most of them, a question suggests itself which it is very difficult to get answered—this, namely, whether they did not owe a great deal to the perspective of the theatre. They were on a conspicuous stage in a strong light. They look brilliant; but how much of the brilliancy was due to the limelight—and the properties? Their superiority may so easily have been only over the supers on their own boards—for there are supers even in the most imposing "Haupt- und Staatsaktion." In that theatre, too, the leading parts and the finest properties go so much by birth and luck. It would be so interesting in all these cases to be able to apply Lord BACON's test and—we speak in his figure—to send EGERIA naked to those who do not know her and see what they would think. The publication of these letters is as much of an application of this test as is now possible. The lady does not come to us purely on her own merits. The memory of what she was thought to be still remains, and must influence us more or less, but it is after all only a memory. We can now see fairly well what there really was in this lady—what intellectual force,

at least. The personal charm is dead with her. We shall entertain a very moderate estimate of the critical faculty of that reader who does not conclude from the study of these letters that the limelight and the perspective of the theatre counted for a great deal in the brilliancy of the Princess DE LIEVEN. They are clever, no doubt; but not cleverer than the letters of hundreds of women of whom only one man raves, and that in a strictly private manner. Allowance must be made for the loss of the French form, but even that is only a stripping off of the properties. Essentially they are not better than the writing of many women and many journalists. "What BARRACENA will do I know not; I only 'know the man from a five minutes' conversation on the 'staircase; but during those five minutes he took occasion to make me understand abundantly that he was 'such a great man, a man of such high character, 'and such a man of iron, that I think him very capable of 'yielding the point.' That is smart; but one can hardly believe that the form is very good in the original, and the matter, though sound, is commonplace. It is a very old observation, reasonably well put. Yet it is as good a thing as we have found in the two volumes. In truth, the Princess's letters confirm an old belief of ours touching most EGERIAS. It is that the merit of these political ladies is just this, that they are women. So few men have the sense of the Regent ORLEANS or of CHARLES II., who did naturally hate busy women, and loved not to talk to them to any other purpose than that for which alone he thought they were created. Men love to talk shop and to hear their shop repeated to them by clever women. When one does it, and the shop is political, they call her EGERIA, and the world follows suit, and credits the woman with power and influence. For the rest, the Princess LIEVEN was a very woman. She frankly confesses that she lost all interest in the Turkish war of 1828 after the death of her brother, CONSTANTINE BENKENDORF, by fever. The slaughter, too, before Shumla disgusted her with the war, which she had rejoiced to see begin. There is *das Ewig-weibliche* commenting on politics. For the rest, she could talk of nothing else. Earl GREY does occasionally wander from the absorbing subject; the lady hardly ever; and, when she does, it is only to say that there is nothing at all to talk about.

The events which fill the letters of this ardent political lady and her friend are in themselves of the greatest importance. The strange scenes which followed the death of ALEXANDER I. in Russia, the affairs of Greece, the war of 1828, the fall of CHARLES X., the Polish insurrection, and the passing of the Reform Bill, make a large part of modern European history. The Princess LIEVEN writes of all of them with intelligence—in both senses of the word. She was in the way of hearing what was going on, and could understand it all. But it is not the historical subject which makes the historical picture. The fact that the curious and sharp-witted wife of a Russian ambassador knew a few days before most of her contemporaries what we all know now is not a remarkable one. The question is the value of her comment, and that, as we have said, does not appear to us to have been exceptional. As for the facts she records, they are known, and well known, and have been for a generation. It must be acknowledged that her correspondent was not the man to strike fire from anybody. Earl GREY's letters show that he was (which, again, we already knew) a highly respectable man, of a somewhat hide-bound order, with fair parts. In him, too, there was not a little of *das Ewig-weibliche*, as it appears in the male animal. It came out, for instance, in his absolutely fatuous desire to reconcile a wish that the CZAR's authority might be maintained in Poland with the utmost horror at the prospect that it should be enforced by arms. On this EGERIA and NUMA had a tiff, and the lady, whose patriotism inspired her, seems to us to have been perfectly in the right. Earl GREY's attitude was altogether worthy of the highly respectable party which left Lord JOHN RUSSELL to direct foreign affairs. He would have given encouraging expressions of sympathy to rebels in the cause of freedom, and then have left them severely alone in their hour of need—a policy which never appeared either imbecile or base to the respectable Whig. It is again to be noted that this high-minded gentleman was perfectly prepared to hand over the little Portuguese Queen MARIA DA GLORIA, a child of eight, to be married to her uncle, Dom MIGUEL. He thought this beautiful arrangement would save us from some trouble with PALMELLA's "little urchin Queen"—a proposal which smacks of its Guizot and its Spanish

marriage. PALMELLA was another *cicisbeo* to the Princess. Something may be allowed in this case to Earl GREY for the eighteenth century which survived in him, and something for his solid English belief that foreigners, generally speaking, were dirty, and dirt was good enough for them. There is something to be said for the view; but one would rather not see an English gentleman paddle in the nastiness. It is but fair to add that this is a solitary exception to the uniform drab-coloured decency with which Earl GREY reports successive events to the Princess. Of his letters also it has to be recorded that, though the things mentioned were important, the comment is not. But, after all, it is for the comment that letters are valuable, when, as in this case, the facts are abundantly well known. The Earl's reputation is, however, safe. No letters can harm the decent Whig peer who was the respectable eloquent figure-head of the Reform party. With the Princess LIEVEN the case was otherwise. Her reputation was to be made or marred. We cannot think that it will be much benefited by a long series of letters which show that she was an intelligent woman of the world, as hundreds have been, with an absorbing passion for politics, which, thank God! only a few have had, and an extreme feminine hatred of Prince METTERNICH, the wicked man who would not do what Russia wished.

THE POST OFFICE.

AN unkind critic of the proceedings at the Penny Postage Jubilee Dinner might be disposed to sum them up under the concise formula of "One for the late Sir ROWLAND HILL, and two for our noble selves." An unkind critic of the unkind critic might, on the other hand, declare that such a remark was not only unjust, but that nothing save the perversity of fault-finding could have suggested it. Both would be right and both wrong; each would show that he had the critical faculty, and that it was untimpered by liberality and tolerance. It is true that the oratory of the Post Office officials and their chief was flavoured by a strong ingredient of selflaudation, which justifies, so far as it is justifiable, the criticism of critic No. 1. It is equally true that the presence of this ingredient in the oratory aforesaid was to some extent unavoidable, which is the justification, so far as it can be justified, of the criticism of critic No. 2. The former failed in liberality and tolerance through not having perceived the condoning circumstance we have noted; the latter from not recognizing that it was easy to overlook. Examples of both classes of critic have presented themselves in sufficiently amusing contrast in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, and have given curiously complete demonstrations of their unconsciousness that neither of them is in the possession of the whole truth, and that the world is large enough for them both. Those who appreciate the general and undeniable efficiency of our postal service can see nothing in the complaints of the malcontents but the airs of "superior persons," who must needs affect singularity by depreciating what plain people are content with unreservedly admiring. Those who are alive to its equally undeniable shortcomings are just as convinced that "the admiration expressed for it is 'overdone,' and more than hint that it is confined to the officials who administer it, and is not shared, or not to nearly so great an extent as is supposed, by the general public. The whole truth, as we have said, is not the monopoly of either party. The work of our Post Office may be applauded, and very warmly applauded, from the standpoint of unofficial and quite independent criticism. It may be criticized unfavourably in some of its details without at all necessarily, or at least justly, exposing the critic to the reproach of the detractor. Having admitted thus much, however, it is only fair to add that, on such an occasion as that of last Wednesday night, it would be only becoming in the *advocatus diaboli* to overlook a little excess of self-congratulation on the other side.

Further, it must, in justice to the officials, be pointed out that the shortcomings of the system, such as they are, are mainly due, not to the administration of the department itself, but to the policy of a higher authority. It will be observed that most of the complaints preferred by the critics of the Post Office resolve themselves into allegations of underpayment, overworking, and inadequacy of local staffs; and these are administrative defects directly connected with financial conditions of which the depart-

ment is not master. Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD put this point forcibly enough in his reply to the toast with which his name had been associated; and we should probably be justified in reading even more between the lines of his speech than was contained in the text. When a Secretary to the Post Office says that "he should deeply regret if the department came to be regarded as a mere tax-collecting one," and that he "would like to see it administered on true commercial principles, and a portion, at least, of its large annual profit utilized for developing and extending its work for the general benefit of the public," we may understand him to be saying, in official language, that the Post Office is starved for the benefit of the Budget. It may be, as the *Times*, perhaps a little too broadly, insinuates, that he is making the Treasury responsible for the non-introduction of minor improvements and the neglect of local wants which he requires no sanction from that department to introduce and to supply. But, for our own part, we certainly should not care to press this contention too hard, and we are of opinion that the *Times*, which justly values the Post Office surplus as "one of the few bits of indirect taxation that pedantry has left us," would do well not to press it either. We do not say that Sir ARTHUR's plea for "commercial principles" of dealing with the department ought to be altogether disregarded, and that some of the profits of the Post Office might not be judiciously laid out in developing and improving it. But it is possible to pursue an ideal phantom of perfection in a service of this kind to quite extravagant lengths, and we are entirely opposed to the policy of frittering away an important and increasing source of public revenue in the attempt to satisfy every crotchety old gentleman or lady in the country who wants an impossible number of deliveries and despatches at all sorts of impossible hours of the day.

STRIKES.

THE so-called Gas Strike has at last reached the stage of actual farce. It has become so obscure that no further attention is paid to the little published about it in the papers. And yet there was one piece of information given this week which ought not to be passed over. The men who were, but who probably never will be again, in the employment of the South Metropolitan Gas Company are beginning to complain, it seems, that the strike is prolonged for the benefit of "well-paid leaders." How they suppose it is to be ended when their places are taken by new men whom the Company will not dismiss we do not venture to guess, and are not curious to inquire. The certain fact is that their discontent with their leaders is so far serious that these persons have found it necessary to publish a sort of defence, and a very striking case it is. This is what Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, Secretary of the Strike Committee, has got to say in defence of the Committee. "The only paid officers of the Gas Workers' Union are the secretary, Mr. THORNE, who receives 2*l.* 5*s.* per week for his whole services, and Mr. WARD, assistant secretary, who receives 35*s.* per week. Neither of these receives anything extra in connexion with the strike. Mr. MARK HUTCHINS, the president of the Union, has not yet received one penny for his services in that office. It is, at present, a purely honorary position. As chairman of the Strike Committee, the duties of which occupy all his time, he is being paid at the rate of 5*s.* 6*d.* per day as an equivalent for his loss of wages—he being in the employ of the Gas Light and Coke Company. In addition he receives 1*s.* per day expenses. The secretary, Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, is allowed 30*s.* per week and 1*s.* per day expenses." A very pretty statement. Two pounds a week and upwards, rather more than the pay of a sub-lieutenant in HER MAJESTY'S navy, is what the strike is worth to these persons. Mr. MARK HUTCHINS, who so disinterestedly holds "an honorary position" for the good of his brother working-men, has a place keeping warm for him in the Gas Light and Coke Company, and can face the future with tranquillity. It must be allowed that the Strike Committee is not without a sense of humour which borders on the audacious. If the men who are rubbing along on strike pay are satisfied with this statement, they must indeed be all they have been generally thought to be from the beginning.

The case of STEPHEN ATKINS, who appeared on Thursday before Mr. FLOWDEN in the West London Police Court, is

another instance of the farce element in strikes. ATKINS is a coal-porter, and was charged with assaulting THOMAS COOMBS, another coal-porter. The provocation given by COOMBS was this. He persisted in going on working in the Warwick Street Coal Wharf, although it is muddy (as, indeed, it is), and although ATKINS and other like-minded and high-minded working-men had struck against the mud. They had gone out because the Company could not or would not clean the wharf up. When COOMBS came in—being apparently callous to mud—ATKINS decided to elevate his sentiments by knocking him down. He gave him fair warning, and then he did it. When COOMBS was down, ATKINS enforced the moral lesson by rubbing his head in the mire. For this he appeared before Mr. PLOWDEN, and the worthy magistrate gave him fourteen days' hard as an example. The magistrate also remarked that "the prisoner and other men must learn that the law was stern in preventing any interference with the liberty of action of workmen." Mr. PLOWDEN very justly said the law, and not Scotland Yard. Here is farce pure and simple. When coal-porters strike because a wharf is muddy, they have reduced the workman's last argument to an absurdity. It is to be noted that STEPHEN ATKINS had no doubt about his right to apply the usual sanction to the law which he and some three or four others had endeavoured to impose on Messrs. CAMPELL and to coal-merchants on whose wharf this pretty illustration of the rights of workmen was given. We are not surprised at it. After all, he was only doing what the Dockers and their friends were not only allowed to do, but were quite effusively praised for doing with such noble moderation by various kind gentlemen who played their little part at the Mansion House. Perhaps during these fourteen days STEPHEN ATKINS will come to see that the sympathetic gentlemen did not know everything.

DR. VON DÖLLINGER.

THE death of Dr. Döllinger, which occurred on Friday, January 10, terminated the existence in this world of one of the most commanding personalities of the century. It is unnecessary to recall in detail the events of a life so well known to the readers of the *Saturday Review*. But we cannot neglect to pay our tribute of respect and admiration at the grave of a man whose life was as remarkable for its spotless purity as his mind for its stores of learning. Dr. Döllinger was the son of a distinguished physiologist who has left his mark in the history of science. He inherited from his father the spirit of accurate and painstaking inquiry. As a boy he was taught to take an interest in natural history. He was fond of telling how from his childhood he was able to distinguish every species of flying insect on the wing. Very soon, however, a passion for reading asserted itself, and all his pocket-money went to the bookseller. Besides German, Greek and Latin, English, French, Italian, and Spanish were familiar to him almost from boyhood. English literature was particularly attractive to him. At a very early age he became an undergraduate at the University of Würzburg. The resolve to take holy orders dates from about the same period, and was due in part to a desire to free from all worldly cares a life which he determined to devote entirely to science in the service of religion. After he was ordained priest he did parish duty in a little village. A year, however, had not run its course when the young man, who was already looked upon as a prodigy of learning, was appointed Professor, first in the seminary of Aschaffenburg, and almost immediately after in the University of Munich.

From this moment his life assumed the outward shape which it maintained to the end. For sixty years he lived in the same town, nearly as long in the same house, rising before five, at work for at least twelve hours a day. An early dinner, at which he liked to see friends; a walk, often with them, in the afternoon, were the only recreations he allowed himself. In the summer an occasional journey to England, France, or Italy, once to Ireland, an excursion to the Alps, or a visit to the country house of a friend, were the only considerable changes in this life of uninterrupted study and meditation. With regard to his intellectual development, the young Professor dated a new era from the day of his arrival at Munich.

He found the University under the influence of the later teaching of Schelling, as developed in *The Philosophy of Revelation*. Men of extraordinary ability were leading the Catholic reaction. Görres fought its battles with the same passionate eloquence with which, in early life, he had preached the gospel of Jacobinism on the banks of the Rhine. Franz von Baader, whose powerful and original mind verged on genius, lectured on philosophy. The interest of his teaching was enhanced by the fact that he was known to have been, with Adam Müller, one of the originators of the idea which led to the formation of the Holy Alliance. The distinguished Jurist Philipps, a convert, occupied

with signal success the Chair of Canon Law. Möhler, one of the greatest of modern theologians, joined the theological faculty. A little later Ernst von Lasaux became the eloquent interpreter of Greek thought in politics and art.

While Dr. Döllinger was engaged in his early writings he came into contact with a curious phase of the Catholic reaction. The Revolution of 1830 marks a turning-point in the history of the French Church. The leadership of the Ultramontane party had fallen into hands of Lamennais after the death of Count Joseph de Maistre. On the eve of the Revolution Lamennais had unhesitatingly broken the links that bound the altar to the throne. He hailed with exultation the downfall of the ancient monarchy, and claimed from the new the privileges of liberty for the Ultramontane Church. To further his cause he founded the *Avenir*. But hardly a year had passed before he and his friends were threatened with ecclesiastical censure. In the hope of warding it off he went to Rome with Montalembert and Lacordaire. Before the final judgment was given he passed through Bavaria on his way home. At Munich he was received with distinction by the Catholic party. During a dinner at which Dr. Döllinger was present, a messenger from the Papal Nuncio handed Lamennais a letter from Rome. It contained the news of his condemnation. The controversialists of the *Avenir* had restricted their considerations to France; they did not perceive the force their arguments lent to the Italian adversaries of Gregory XVI. Dr. Döllinger was never attracted by the personality of Lamennais. Speaking of him quite recently, he agreed that the Breton priest, through all his transformations, remained the type of a fanatic. With Montalembert, on the other hand, he contracted ties of the warmest friendship, which lasted till death. While the young French peer became the champion of liberal Catholicism in France, the Bavarian divine was gradually becoming the predominant figure in the German Church. The most important works published by Dr. Döllinger during this time were a treatise on the religion of Mahomet, a history of the internal development of the Reformation, and a sketch of Luther. This history of the Reformation was completed in 1848, and was the last book written by Döllinger on the old historical method, which was destined to perish for ever in Germany under the influence of the new school. It remains to this day the arsenal in which Ultramontanes seek their weapons. The work of Jansen, which enjoys so wide a popularity among them, is little more than an intelligent amplification of Dr. Döllinger's three volumes.

The duties of political life imposed upon Döllinger the representation of the University of Munich in the Bavarian Parliament. In the year 1848 he took part in the attempt to reconstruct Germany. With one of the most illustrious of his friends, General von Radowitz, he led the Catholic fraction in the Frankfurt Parliament. It was then that, in answer to the reproach that the Pope was the absolute ruler and master of the Catholic Church, he used these remarkable words:—"If you imagine that there is any room in the Catholic Church for a purely arbitrary power of Pope or Bishop, you are greatly mistaken."

While the struggle to unite Germany failed at Frankfurt, a still more important effort was doomed to defeat in Italy. In that country the most enlightened minds—Balbo, Gioberti, Rosmini, Rossi—had attempted each in his own way to reconcile the Papacy with the needs and aspirations of Italian nationality. The historical studies of Dr. Döllinger constantly brought him into contact with Italian affairs. He could have spoken with Bossuet as if he had been a contemporary. He could have conversed with St. Bernard as if he had visited Cîteaux. St. Augustine would have found him nearly as well acquainted as himself with the circumstances of the African Church. He knew and loved England, past and present, like his own country. France and Spain were not less well known to him. But the highways and by-paths of history constantly led him back to Italian soil. Seemingly, however, the momentous experiment which had been tried, and which had failed in the early days of the Pontificate of Pio Nono, had not enlisted the active sympathies of Dr. Döllinger. The marginal notes were innumerable in his copies of the *Speranza d'Italia*, the *Casi di Romagna*, the *Cinque Piaghe*; he perused with the greatest care the whole literature to which these writings gave rise. At the same time his attention was specially directed to the minute investigation of the history of the Church since the Reformation, and especially of the part played by the Jesuit order. Still published writings revealed nothing of these preoccupations. He gave to the world in those years his learned treatise on *Hippolytus and Callistus*, his history of *Paganism and Judaism* as an introduction to the history of Christianity, and *The First Age of the Church* appeared in 1860.

In 1857, or in 1858, Dr. Döllinger went to Rome. The first distinct indication of a change which his studies had wrought in his mind then became apparent. It was in the ruins of the Coliseum one beautiful moonlight night that he stated to an intimate friend his settled conviction that great changes were impending, that the days of the temporal power were numbered, and that the Papacy itself would have to undergo very considerable transformation. Not long after, the cannon of Magenta and Solferino proclaimed the downfall of the Austrian domination in Italy, and the removal of the chief hindrance to the political unity of a country in which there could be no room for a body politic constituted like the Papal State.

Dr. Döllinger waited till 1861. In the spring of that year he

delivered a series of lectures at Munich, before a mixed audience, in which he expounded his views on the Roman question. The Papal Nuncio, Prince Chigi, was present. He was not prepared for the criticism which the German divine felt it his duty to offer; before the close of the lecture he rose and withdrew. The impression of eyewitnesses was that the lecturer himself was somewhat taken by surprise at the effect of his words. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Döllinger had entered that hall the acknowledged champion of the Papal cause in Germany. When he left it, his position was discussed.

The story of his excommunication is well known. He bore unflinchingly the sentence which drove him out of the Church. They knew little of the nature of the man who mistook his fortitude for indifference. To one who knew him well he said, "Ich bin die Fäschine, die in den Graben geworfen wird, damit die Anderen hinüber kommen."

In the Christian Church, for which he had worked and lived, his faith remained unshaken. From the bitterness of the present he kept his eye fixed on that future from which he knew, however distant the date, the vindication of his Catholicity must come. He did not refuse his support to the group of men who deemed it necessary to form themselves into the Old Catholic Church. He remained equally attentive to the manifestations of religious life in all Christian communities. His energy was unabated, his power of work continued enormous. As years rolled by, one change, no doubt, became apparent. He repeatedly expressed regret at having done harm by ill-advised zeal. In the prime of life his demeanour with friends and disciples had not always been free from asperity. After his powers of forbearance had been tried to the utmost he became exceedingly indulgent. His charity found excuses for errors the most foreign to his nature. His eyes brightened when they rested on a child.

One of the most learned of his works appeared with the commencement of this year. Shortly after he was taken seriously ill, but had, apparently, recovered when the end suddenly came. It found him at his writing-table at work on the history of the Templars, whose tragic and undeserved fate had always a strange fascination for him. In death his features explained once more with majestic solemnity the meaning of his life. They told of the innate nobleness which stealed his character, pervaded his teaching, and inspired his soul with the undying love for things eternal.

TROPICAL GARDENING IN THE RIVIERA.

THE latest issue of the Kew Bulletin contains a Report upon the "Cool Cultivation of Tropical and Sub-tropical Plants," which should be pondered by all who have to deal with that class of vegetation. Mr. Watson, the Assistant-Curator of the Royal Gardens, Kew, was despatched to the Riviera under circumstances briefly sketched by Mr. Thiselton Dyer in a preface. The great Palm-house there has been growing inconveniently crowded for a long while past, and, under pressure of necessity, with anxious forebodings, certain plants have been transferred to temperate quarters from time to time. To the general astonishment, they thrive; more than that, "many of them luxuriated in the change." The matter was well worth investigation evidently, since there is a demand for space continually more urgent in our Warm-houses, not of Kew alone; and at the same time an admixture of tropical foliage must improve the effect of temperate vegetation. Nowhere have such experiments been tried so boldly and successfully as in the Riviera. Accordingly, with the sanction of the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Watson proceeded thither to observe and report. He spent a busy fortnight in visiting the gardens, public and private, between Hyères and Mentone last October, which is, in effect, the earliest spring season of those parts. "The rain had fallen, the poet arose"—and so had the gardener, with more practical aims. Palms, and Bamboos, and Agaves had begun to shoot; the earth was green with those crops of flowers which will be soon harvested in Covent Garden.

The first point that strikes us in these thoughtful observations is the poverty of the soil which bears such extraordinary fruit. Most people fancy that the Riviera owes almost as much to fertility as to climate. But it appears that the soil is "crumbled limestone and sandstone," needing such copious and frequent supplies of rich manure as would startle the most reckless horticulturist in England. Trenches are opened during the summer all round the specimen trees and shrubs, and into them is poured cesspool stuff, none of which is ever wasted. "I was told that a cartload is not considered too much as the annual supply for a large palm." A certain difficulty rises to the mind at once, which the next sentence removes. The owner of these lovely gardens is seldom at home during the hot months; thus operations can be performed without annoying him, and he is at liberty to ignore the malodorous processes which are necessary to make an Eden in these days. Certainly there is no temptation to spend summer in the Riviera. Those months are, "as a rule, absolutely rainless," untempered by wind, and almost tropically hot. The mean summer temperature of Genoa is 75°, of Toulon 74° 30', of Mentone 73°, whilst the Hill districts of Ceylon reach only 69° 54', Madeira 69° 56'. "Gardeners and others find the temperature often very trying"—no wonder, when "many of the plants, large specimens as well as small, require daily drenching

with water at the roots." We may regard Mr. Hanbury's paradise in another point of view when we think that it covers thirty or forty acres which have to be soaked day by day for months. Of course, the Agaves, Aloes, Yuccas, and succulent plants generally, flourish to a marvel under such conditions; but it is no less than astounding to hear the actual prosaic statement of their "performance." Imagination fails to picture an Agave "forming a gigantic rosette, as large as a house; while from the centre rises a mast-like flower-spike, thirty feet high, crowned with flowers"—about as thick, to be precise, as a man's thigh. Equally wonderful are the *Opuntias*. We read of *O. maxima* "eighteen feet through, and twelve feet high, its joints twenty inches long by fourteen inches wide, coloured milk white, with pure white spines, and numerous large purple fruits." This specimen stands upon a verdant lawn, framed in dark green feathers of *Cocos plumosa*, with bamboos interspersed. Many of us would travel further than Cannes to behold such a sight. M. Dognin has established another opuntia—*O. armata argentea*—in a different setting, but not less effective. It lies upon stones piled up, a mass six feet through, and a foot high, "the stems so thickly covered with spines as to be completely hidden." Each spine, fully two inches long, is enclosed in a sheath of the purest white. Mr. Watson says emphatically, "Those who have learned to despise Cacti should see them in the Riviera." We are not surprised, therefore, to observe in the "Alphabetical Catalogue of Plants growing in the open air in the garden of Thomas Hanbury, F.L.S.," that the homes of the succulents have been especially drawn upon. South Africa, indeed, contributes more species than any country of Europe; Mexico stands next, Australia third; the moist tropic lands falling far behind. This Catalogue, by the way, is a volume of eighty pages quarto, divided into three columns, with sixty-six items in each, uninterrupted by comment. Thus we may easily compute the number of species thought worthy of record in their several classes—Annuals, Biennials, Perennials, Under Shrubs and small Succulents, Shrubs and Trees and large Succulents, Climbers, and Plants indigenous to Italy.

They are not unacquainted with frost in the Riviera, though the mean winter temperature is 47° Fahr. Last year, for instance, damage was general, though not serious, excepting at Nice. No less than eleven degrees of frost were recorded at this place in 1887, with disastrous consequences. The inexperienced, even among botanists, might well suppose that natives of the tropics would collapse at a touch of frost. But the Riviera offers a fresh illustration of the fact that plants duly baked in summer will bear sharp cold without injury. We have seen ice gathered from the pans in the public gardens at Lahore beneath a palm tree loaded with warm orchids, within three feet of a wall hung with *Bougainvillea glabra* in its utmost beauty. So it is in these favoured regions. Mr. Watson notes another point. He had heard, and seen, that plants growing near the shore are much injured by winds which drench them with salt, and naturally he expected to behold such mischief in the Riviera. Nothing of the sort was observed. "Probably cases would have been found had further inquiry been made, but it is a fact that I neither saw nor heard of any."

The great garden of Mr. Hanbury ranks first in a scientific point of view, so much space and care being devoted to experimental culture. The most superb for effect, however, is that of the Villa Valetta, laid out by M. Camille Dognan at a fabulous expense—there is no impropriety in this remark, since the cost speaks for itself. This most glorious plaisance is now in the market—such a chance for millionaires of taste as was never offered, nor can be in our time. It does not cover more than five acres, at the most; but the ground is laid out with such thoughtful and ingenious care, the palms and "specimens" are so big, the shrubberies so dense and so elaborately varied in their composition, that one may stroll for hours, admiring a fresh view at each few steps, with no suspicion that the same tree or clump has been beheld a score of times from different standpoints. Mr. Watson does not indulge himself with superlatives, nor even with comparisons; one must provide them from the plain statement of facts. And there is only the embarrassment of choice. Perhaps the grandest spectacle suggested is that "grove of *Cocos flexuosa* rising straight from the lawn to a height of thirty feet or more." But then, again, *C. flexuosa* "massed with *Musa ensata*," must be glorious. And "a grove of many large plants of *Livistona sinensis*!"—and "on a sloping lawn in front of the house stands a grove of about sixty magnificent specimens of the *Washingtonia* palm, to me a marvellous sight. . . . The crown of foliage (on each) was twenty feet through, composed of fifty to eighty leaves, each with a stout-armed petiole five feet long, a blade four and a half feet across, ornamented with numerous white, drooping filaments, a foot in length." The largest of these beauties is not more than twelve years old. Then the Bamboos!—but it is proper to add that sixteen genera of palms are cultivated in these various gardens. There is a specimen bamboo on Baron Vigier's lawn, at Nice, measuring thirty-five feet high and forty feet through in all directions. "It contains hundreds of stems or canes, three inches in diameter, straight and smooth as a gun-barrel." The bamboos, indeed, must be more generally decorative even than the palms. Our space is exhausted. Every gentleman in England who has a cool conservatory large enough for "planting out" palms and tropic species should set his gardener to study this admirable Report.

THE MASTER OF SIDNEY.

BY the death of the Rev. Robert Phelps, D.D., Master of Sidney Sussex College, the University of Cambridge loses one of the best, if not the most characteristic, representatives of the pre-Commission era. Although a younger man than Dr. Okes of King's, or the late patriarchal Master of Jesus, he had nevertheless been elected to the Mastership of his College before either of them, and had for many years, therefore, been the senior head of a college in the University. He thus had time to become thoroughly acquainted with the working of the old system, and in many, though not in all cases, preferred it to that which has taken its place. Yet, albeit, like most who have reached his years, he was inclined to be *laudator temporis acti*, he seldom failed, after vehemently anathematizing modern changes, to accommodate himself to them as far as possible, and to endeavour to make the best of the present, while never concealing his regrets for the past. Thus, while many ardent young reformers regarded him as the very genius of reaction, he himself had in his own younger day been not disinclined to Liberalism, as Liberalism was understood in the time of Melbourne and Althorp; and it was not until Free-trade had impoverished the estates from which he drew his income, and he saw his office, his college, the Universities, and the Church of England successively assailed by the promoters of modern democratic ideas, that he adopted that attitude of uncompromising opposition to change of every kind with which the present generation of Cambridge men will probably be inclined to identify him.

Robert Turner Phelps was born in the year 1805 at Devonport, with which town his family, a branch of a well-known Somersetshire stock, had long been connected. As a boy he showed sufficient abilities to justify his friends in sending him to the University, and in 1829 he became a member of Trinity College, where he graduated in the mathematical tripos of 1833, as fifth wrangler. Soon after taking his bachelor's degree he was elected to a Fellowship at Sidney Sussex College, and was also appointed Taylor lecturer in mathematics. On the death of Dr. Chafy in 1843, he was elected to succeed him as Master of the College, and was also appointed Bursar, both of which offices he held until his death. Henceforth the even tenor of his life seems to have flowed on, happy in having no history, the only landmarks being his marriage, the visits of his children, his two terms of office as Vice-Chancellor, and his appointment to the once valuable living of Willingham. Two events, however, brought him prominently to the front. He worked hard and wrote much when the question of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Ireland was under discussion, and in the newspapers of that troublous time there may be found, scattered broadcast, letters bearing his signature, in which the intensity of his feeling upon the subject of the Irish Church is expressed with astonishing fervour. The second occasion which drew all eyes upon him was that of his spirited defiance of the Universities Commission of 1872.

When the various colleges were bidden to prepare an account of the nature and extent of their revenues, the Master of Sidney, being also Bursar, formally refused to furnish the Commissioners with any evidence whatever on the subject. As Bursar he had all the College accounts in his own hands, and the Fellows, therefore, although they were willing enough to comply with the demands of the Commissioners, had no power to make him give way. But, while thus emphatically protesting against a demand which he regarded as the prelude to illegal and unjust confiscation, he guarded himself against the imputation of having any wish to conceal the financial position of the College by the publication of an elaborate, though unofficial, pamphlet, in which every item of income and expenditure was exactly set forth, and in which the scheme of applying any part of the shrunken and still shrinking revenue of the College to non-collegiate purposes was heartily denounced. Every penny of the College money was already, he declared, appropriated as payment for some useful work; and to divert the income arising from ancient endowments from the society to which those endowments belonged appeared in his eyes to be mere robbery. His views were not, we believe, shared by all the younger members of the foundation, and some sharp passages of arms are said to have taken place; but, though the Fellows did not always agree with their Master, they never ceased to regard him with respect and pride. During the last two years of his life they subscribed liberally towards a portrait which has fortunately been completed, and which will keep alive his memory after the petty squabbles of college meetings have been forgiven and forgotten. Those who were admitted to his friendship will prefer to remember the kindly old gentleman as he paced the sunny paths of his spacious old-fashioned garden, among his beloved pear-trees and roses, or opened the casements of the oriel window to let in his favourite starling and sparrow; or as the genial host who, though himself the most abstemious of men, would on occasions produce, with appropriate anecdote, his wondrous port and Malumsey madeira. In spite of his high degree, and his studies in optical and chemical science, Phelps's tastes throughout his life were those of an artist rather than of a scholar. He was an enthusiastic angler, and a water-colourist of considerable ability, although, as he boasted, entirely self-taught; and it was a treat to be shown the contents of the portfolios which commemorated his sketching rambles in the wilds of Devonshire and Ireland, or to hear him tell how he landed his first salmon in the Blackwater,

at a time long before most of his hearers were born. Of music he was always extremely fond, and played several instruments almost to the last. It may be that some of these details are trivial, but they complete the picture of a happy, useful, and honourable life; and we have dwelt upon them because we believe that such a life is not only enjoyable in itself, but valuable as an example. The Master was no recluse and no dilettante trifler. He managed the College property through a long period of lean years with great skill; his recognized business qualities caused him many years ago to be elected chairman of the Cambridge Gas Company, whose thriving condition is, we believe, in no small degree owing to his good management, and his time, while his health permitted, was always fully occupied with these and many other works. There have been whispers of late among University reformers that the smaller colleges are overmanned, so to speak, and that a saving would be effected by grouping them under the management of a common staff—that is to say, by turning some of them into mere lodging-houses. The heads of colleges, in particular, have been the object of attack by those advanced "thinkers" who undervalue the individual character and traditions of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and who would prefer a University on the model of Bonn or Heidelberg. To all such theorists as these we think that the lives of several heads of houses who have lately passed away supply an answer. It is good that men should live such lives; it is good that men should have the opportunity of living them. The conditions of modern life too nearly resemble those of the traditional snakes in a sack, each one engaged in a lifelong struggle to raise his head above his neighbour's and keep it there. If there are still any posts remaining in the Universities or elsewhere which enable their possessors to live their own lives without being forced to take an active part in the constant wearing struggle for existence with which most of us are too familiar, let us be thankful that they exist, and that some few learned men at least are able to enjoy that leisure to which it is every man's object in life to attain.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

A PROMINENT feature of the Winter Exhibition is formed by a series of no less than sixteen important examples of the Spanish school at its highest period. Of these half are by Velasquez, or are attributed to him. Opinions differ as regards the genuineness of these latter works; but with the exception of No. 137, which appears to be a very fine early copy, there seems no reason to doubt that all are from the hand of Velasquez. Four separate portraits give the gallant bearing of the little Don Balthazar Carlos, whose fate, and the national grief it led to, may recall to us pathetically the anxiety which Spain is again enduring after more than two centuries. No. 137 was probably painted in 1632; the baby prince stands, in his silver-grey petticoats, with a purplish-red sash across his chest, and looks out of the picture. The face is a marvel of painting. We see him next (136, 138) in the courtyard of the Madrid stables, erect and gallant on his black curvetting pony. It has been supposed that No. 138 was painted later than No. 136; but those who have expressed this idea can scarcely have observed that, although the surrounding groups of figures are different, the two versions of the little Don himself are absolutely identical, and must have been faithfully executed from the same life-study. The two pictures differ strangely in general character; both are superb; but while in No. 136 it is the tone, in No. 138 it is the colour, which specially charms us. These pictures probably belong to the year 1637 or 1638. The fourth portrait, which, as we have said, is believed to be a copy (137), is of a year or two later. It is very fine, but not massively or richly enough painted to be called an original Velasquez.

By the same master is a very interesting "Venus and Cupid" (135), a full-size nude study of a young and rather spare woman, whose back is turned to the spectator. A boy holds a mirror, in which her face is reflected. In this fine composition we see Velasquez deliberately competing with the great Italians. Artists have criticized somewhat severely the drawing of the limbs, the great Spaniard being unpractised in this species of work. To those who are accustomed to the Titianesque ideal of flesh-painting there may seem painfully absent from this study the pale and glossy refinement of those delicate limbs that the Venetians painted. But Velasquez, with his fresher eye, has secured an extraordinary truth in tone; the critic is reminded less of Titian than of Etty at his best. So far as this is blame, the burden of it must rest on the unconventional Spaniard. Two noble portraits of ladies by Velasquez may be compared. The charming personage who smiles demurely forth from the small canvas (141) of the Duke of Devonshire is nameless; but the cross-looking princess, with rouged cheeks, standing in an amazing cage-like dress of black velvet embroidered with silver, is "Mariana of Austria" (132). Lastly, but in some respects most characteristically, Velasquez is represented by one of his most virile and heroic male portraits, the "Adrian Pulido Poreja" (133) of the Duke of Bedford, showing the wild and piratical-looking admiral in the heyday of his strength, and in all his hirsute, ruddy truculence. This portrait, it is said, was painted in 1639, shortly after Pulido's famous feat of courage at the storming of Fontarabia.

Another portrait of Mariana of Austria (129) is signed by a master seldom seen out of Spain, Juan Bautista del Mazo, the

son-in-law and successor of Velasquez. She holds a letter in her hand, which the cataloguer of the Royal Academy has read as bearing the date 1668. But as Mazo died early in 1667, this is not possible, and to our eyes the date is plainly and indubitably 1666. The Regent, who looks grumpy, is dressed in the white and black weeds of a Spanish widow; behind her is a curious group around her feeble little son, Carlos II. Lord Rothschild sends two religious compositions by Murillo (131, 139), in the normal manner of that painter; they are identical in size, and may have been painted as pendants. Few of the Spanish school equal Zurbaran for originality and force; by a long interval, indeed, but without a rival, he took the place second to Velasquez through the whole lifetime of the latter, and he was much more locally Spanish, more a creation of the soil, than Velasquez himself. Five single figures of saints represent the art of Zurbaran in a highly characteristic manner. The ascetic passion of his heads is nobly exemplified in Lord Heytesbury's "St. Benedict" (130) and "St. Jerome" (140), especially in the former of these. The Duke of Sutherland's three have, unless we are mistaken, been seen at the Royal Academy before. Of these the "St. Andrew" (143), partly, perhaps, because here Zurbaran quits his customary simplicity of black and white, interests us less than the two smaller examples, the "St. Thomas" (142) and the "St. Cyril" (144), which have an extraordinary impressiveness. The broad skirt of St. Thomas's white robe is superbly painted, as Zurbaran's monastic magpie draperies so often are, and the features of each saint are lighted up with a flame of inward ecstasy. Among the Dutch pictures hangs a portrait of a lady (65), by Gonzales Coques, in a faded turquoise-blue dress, seated with her back to an open window—a curious rather than a prepossessing example.

The Second Gallery, and part of the Third, are dedicated to Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century, it being the great epoch which is represented at the Royal Academy. The earliest Dutch picture here is a "Luncheon Party" (70), by Dirck Hals, the younger brother of Frans Hals. The works of Dirck are extremely rare, and this composition, which is bright and simple, though not good in colour, has a special interest. It recalls the social groups so frequently engraved in the beautiful Dutch song-books of the time of Shakespeare. A queer effect is given by the vast ruffs worn by the ladies. Mr. Humphrey Ward, the owner of this Dirck Hals, lends also a large composition, "Regents of the Guild of Silver-smiths, Amsterdam" (149), by Thomas de Keyser, which is powerfully and unaffectedly painted, in the best manner of the generation immediately before Rembrandt. The six personages are clearly distinguished; each holds a silver ornament in token of his craft. Of five paintings attributed to Aalbert Cuypp, the most attractive is the Earl of Yarborough's "Scene on the Ice" (96), flooded with Cuypp's familiar golden lustre, and rendered effective as a composition by the introduction of a lofty fragment of ruin in the foreground. The "Landscape with Figures" (86) has the faults of many of Cuypp's later works, in the heaviness of the touch, the clumsy rusticity of the personages. Lord Ashburton contributes a pleasing portrait of Cuypp (91) by himself.

We reach Rembrandt at length in chronological sequence, and the examples of that master are almost as important this year as those of Velasquez. To say which is the best of these triumphs of portraiture would be invidious. No more beautiful example, however, could well be desired than the "Portrait of a Man" (152), which is dated 1661, and is supposed to represent, according to the Catalogue, "Cornelius Jansenius, the learned divine." It may be suggested that there were two "learned divines" of this name; one, that Bishop of Ghent who wrote *The Harmony of the Gospels*, and the other the Bishop of Ypres, who was the founder of Jansenism, neither of whom was alive in 1661. Whoever sat for the portrait, however, it is superb. It presents to us a pallid, hectic, red-haired man of middle life, in a black dress, with a white lace collar. The eyes have the leaden look which comes from unremitting study, and an introspective habit of mind. The painting of the flesh, the putting together of the parts of the portrait, the colour of the whole, are astounding, even for Rembrandt. Beside it hangs another "Portrait of a Man" (151), also lent by Lord Ashburton, a powerful old person, with cropped white hair, gripping the arm of his chair. Lord Yarborough sends "An Old Lady" (147), a miracle of observation, in which the dryness and chirpiness of cheerful old age are marvellously rendered; this lady is evidently a little hard of hearing, but very alert and attentive. Here are two portraits of Rembrandt by himself; the first (61) at the age of perhaps eight and twenty; the other (145) older. Not to be neglected is the three-quarters of Lieven von Coppenol (66), the calligraphist, painted in 1650, nor an early and very fine head of a "Man" (69) in a steeple-crowned hat, lent by Lord Ashburton, who has showered his treasures upon the public.

Four examples of Jan Steen possess his humour and his invention, but are of inferior executive quality, somewhat trivial and monotonous. An "Old Woman Reading" (64), by Gabriel Metz, is extremely grave and delicate work, full of reserve; but it is surpassed by the brilliant "Lady Drawing" (116) of the same master. The quality of the lady's ermine-trimmed scarlet jacket is exquisite, and so is that of her dress of cinnamon-coloured satin. Of Terburg there is a "Music Lesson" (72), not of the first importance. But Nicholas Maes is at his very best, and there is no genre-picture at the Royal Academy which can

compete with his "Woman Sewing" (104), with its splendid cataract of light falling on white cap, lace-pillow, and orange skirt. In "An Interior" (102) Maes repeats the same arrangement of light, but with colour a little less brilliantly fascinating. The "Woman Sewing," of which Lord Ashburton is the fortunate possessor, may rank high among the little masterpieces of one of the most delightful of masters. Unhappily, it shows traces of the damaging passage of time. Of nine Ostades and of four Teniers we have no space to speak in detail. The "Woman and Child" (78) of the former is very sweet in its tender sentiment, and there is richness of gloomy colour in the "Tric-Trac Players" (117). More beautiful than either as an example of Ostade is Lord Ashburton's "Interior" (111), with its luminous points of pale blue sky, scarlet waistcoat of the child, and deep ultramarine of the dresses. Among miscellaneous Dutch pictures of importance are a large and Wilson-like "Landscape" (112), by Jan Both; a rather giggling, but glossy and brilliant, landscape with "Cattle" (107), by Adriaan van de Velde; a partridge, bullfinch, chaffinch, and blue-tit (108), all dead, and painted as only Hondcoeter could treat plumage; a noble Hobbema (85); an excellent flower-piece (83) of Jan van Huysum, uniformly light in key; and a huge gallery-picture of a "Sea Piece" (102), by Ludolph Backhuysen. The eighteenth century is represented at its best and at nearly its worst by two examples—the latter an "Adoration of the Shepherds" (63), hard and cold, like a bad chromolithograph, by Christian Dietrich; and the former an "Interior" (53) by Justus Juncker, exquisitely lighted, and painted with a rare delicacy and breadth.

The Fourth Gallery is entirely devoted to a series of full-length portraits from the collections of the Marquess Townshend and the Earl of Suffolk, and most of these represent the Fighting Veres and their associates. Lord Suffolk's pictures are mainly from the brush of an early Dutch painter, Daniel Mytens, who was a pupil of Rubens, and worked professionally in this country for about twelve years. He was one of Charles I.'s salaried Court painters. From these full-lengths we gain the impression that Mytens's portraits were refined, careful, silvery in tone, and a little dry. They are not so admirable in point of art as some of the unsigned portraits which hang by them, particularly as the excellent "Sir Simon Harcourt" (179) and "Sir William Lovelace" (181) of some unknown Dutch master which adorn Lord Townshend's collection. It may be that these works are from the hand of a rarer painter than Mytens—namely, Cornelis Jansen van Ceulen, who is known to have worked in England for about thirty years. The weak point of most of these full-lengths is the legs—affected in pose, and incorrectly modelled. Few are so feeble in this respect as Lucas van Heere's "Sir Jerome Bowes" (185), whose white-silk calves and white breeches embroidered with gold lace are as prominent as they are ludicrously false. Among these decorative pieces hang two interesting heads—one of "Horace, Lord Vere" (177), by M. J. Mierevelt, and the other of his wife, "Lady Vere" (178), by Cornelis Jansen. It was to the latter—a shrewd and kindly old woman with a bright eye—that the Parliament entrusted the children of the King.

THE INFLUENZA.

THE reports from the hospitals, Post Office, and nearly the whole of the army stations during the past week lead us to believe that the epidemic of influenza in this country is of a comparatively harmless nature and is now rapidly subsiding. This evidence must, however, be received with caution both as to the mildness of the disease and its extent. Soldiers and Post-Office servants are for the most part persons in the prime of life who possess considerable power of resistance to epidemic diseases and the complications which accompany them; while the persons suffering from a prostrating disease like influenza cannot be severely afflicted if they can attend the out-patients departments of our metropolitan hospitals. The Registrar-General's reports are the only evidence we possess which enables us to form an estimate of the severity of the disease and its extent in private life. From the nature of the disease the death-rate must be a very low one, and yet we find that, with a decreasing death-rate in the zymotic class (measles, scarlet fever, typhoid, &c.), which are usually high at this season of the year, there has been an increase in the deaths from respiratory disease (with which influenza is classed) during the past fortnight from 467 to 1,069, and the deaths from influenza alone have increased during the past week from 4 to 67—a death-rate which probably represents about six or seven thousand severe cases of the disorder in London alone. While these facts give no reason for grave anxiety or panic, they show that the time for taking precautions against the disease and its complications has not yet passed, and they should serve to dispel a certain amount of scepticism which exists even among some medical men as to the actual presence of the disease in this country and its difference from common catarrh, with which it is confounded. The confusion of the influenza with ordinary sporadic catarrh is of serious import to its victims, as they are liable to neglect the precautions which are so suddenly thrown upon them. The symptoms of the present epidemic are identical with those of the epidemic of 1837, so graphically described by Sir Thomas Watson. "The symptoms," he says, "are the symptoms of catarrh; including in that term all the varieties thereof that

are sometimes met with separately—gravedo, coryza, bronchitis; and with these symptoms, a sudden, early, and extraordinary subdual of strength; and, most commonly, great depression of spirits. The debility which comes on at the very outset of the complaint is one of its most singular phenomena, taking place, in some cases, almost instantly, and in a much greater degree than would seem proportioned to the other symptoms of the malady which it thus ushers in. Indeed, this rapid and remarkable prostration of strength is more essentially a part of the disorder than the catarrhal affection, which sometimes (though rarely) is absent or imperceptible. . . . The patient complains also of pains in the limbs and back, of much soreness, a bruised, fatigued, or tender feeling along the edge of the ribs, and in various parts of the body." This is such an exact and graphic account of the disease which is now among us, and the need for its early diagnosis is so urgent, that we make no excuse for reproducing it here. Even when there is little danger to life, the distress of the nervous prostration is so great that its existence should be recognized at the earliest moment, and the simple precaution of going to bed and husbanding the strength be adopted by every one who may fall under its influence.

In all that has been said and written on the present and past epidemics of influenza, little has been suggested in the way of preventive treatment. This is due to the obscurity which surrounds the nature and origin of the disease. It cannot be attributed to climatic conditions, like common catarrh, as epidemics of influenza have occurred at all seasons of the year and under various conditions of temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. Its mode of distribution shows that the poison is of the nature of malaria which produces intermittent fevers, the symptoms of a well-defined attack of influenza being identical with those of an attack of ague—shivering, heat, and profuse perspiration, following in the same order, but extending over a rather longer period, and confined to one attack, though with a strong tendency to relapse. Whatever may be the nature of the *influenza*, whether organic or chemical, it is probably transmitted by such means as letters and clothing, and would be destructible by the disinfectants in common use, such as high and dry heat, the fumes of burning sulphur, and the vapour of such substances as eucalyptol, thymol, camphor, carbolic acid, and the like. The numerous toilet and highly volatile preparations of the *Eucalyptus globulus* (the Australian blue gum or fever tree) made by the French chemists, and by Messrs. Tucker and others in this country, would seem to be very appropriate for this purpose. It is not a little remarkable that so far back as 1837 Sir Thomas Watson propounded a germ theory of the origin of this disease. "We cannot doubt," he says, in his *Lectures on the Practice of Physic*, from which we have already quoted, "that the gaseous fluid which surrounds this planet teems with living atoms. It is easy to conceive that atmospheric infusoria (so to speak) may rapidly congregate, or vivify, in masses sufficient to render deleterious the very air we breathe. If this be so, we can understand how such a cause of disease may first act here and there, and presently overspread large districts; how it may move, or be wafted from place to place, or be carried about by persons; how its course and operations may be circumscribed and definite; and how some germs or ova may remain after the visit, retaining their vitality, and ready in future seasons again to start into life and activity under favouring circumstances. Taking this hypothesis, and knowing, as we do, that some animal poisons (that of small-pox, for example) have the singular property of multiplying themselves in the human body, like yeast in beer, we may conceive that diseases, produced by animalcules, may thus infect the human body, and become contagious in the fullest sense of the term." Our recent inquiries have not carried us beyond this clearly stated hypothesis, which is the one most in favour at the present time. The internal administration of small doses of quinine, so frequently recommended, must be useful, if not in enabling the body to resist an attack of the disease altogether, in fortifying the nervous system, and, as it were, to break its fall and enable it more speedily to recover its normal condition.

THE THEATRES.

THE performance of Mr. Burnand's brilliant burlesque *Tra La La Tosca*, at the Royalty, shows a marked improvement since the first night. The action, which in several scenes was halting, is now brisk; the words, which in the case of some of the performers savoured of being said by rote, have gained in piquancy and point. The libretto, so rich in some of its author's most characteristic sallies, on the first occasion suffered from inadequate interpretation, save at the hands of that brilliant exponent of parody, Miss Margaret Ayrton. Now, by dint of practice, the company works together in much greater harmony and with that sense of enjoyment so necessary in extravaganza. Mr. Arthur Roberts, who on Thursday week failed to do justice to his reputation, has now succeeded in thoroughly identifying himself with the Baron Scarpia Scarpia, and carries the audience laughing with him through the various ludicrous scenes of this most laughable burlesque. This is notably the case in the scene of mock tortures and in the supper scene, in which the vagaries of the inebriated Baron are made sufficiently droll without being gross. In Mr. Roberts's impersonation, an imitation of Mr. Forbes Robertson's part should not be looked for. He has evidently made up his mind not to attempt it, and perhaps

rightly. We still think the songs might be more entertaining and the music more bright, but that those who have seen *La Tosca* at the Garrick will enjoy Mr. Burnand's mimic misrepresentation of it at the Royalty we are sure.

THE JUBILEE OF BRADSHAW.

MANY persons and institutions have been celebrated in jubilees, centenaries, and what not, with less ground of merit or historical interest than attaches to the completion of a half-century by the work now described as *Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide*, and current in its 678th number in this present "1st Mo.," for which men not being of the Society of Friends are allowed, by a concession unknown to the first founders, to read January in a parenthesis. The publishers have done well to re-issue the two forms of *Bradshaw's Railway Time-Tables and Assistant to Railway Travelling*, which appeared within a week in the 10th Month of 1839. We use the word re-issue advisedly. For the present publication is not a facsimile nor a reprint in the ordinary sense, but a new impression from the original plates still preserved by Messrs. Blacklock & Co., of Manchester. It will be by no means the least useful or interesting of documents to the technical student of railways in the near future, and at a more distant time to the historian of wider scope who undertakes to expound to posterity the material progress of England in the Victorian age. These tiny pocket-books, smaller than many pocket diaries, afford various food for amusement and reflection when compared with the closely printed 479 pages (without the advertisements) of their modern successor.

He was a bold man who came forward to assist the travelling public in 1839, or else the travelling public was in a state of Arcadian innocence. "This book is published"—so ran the prefatory address—"by the assistance of the several Railway Companies, on which account the information it contains may be depended upon as being correct and authentic." Here was an unqualified warranty if there were any law in Westminster Hall. Who would undertake such a burden in 1890? Certainly not the Railway Companies themselves; and as for the modern *Bradshaw*, we may read (in those first pages which nobody reads) that "the tables in this book are compiled with as much care as circumstances will permit; but it must be distinctly understood that the proprietors do not hold themselves in any way responsible for inaccuracies." But the responsibility of 1839 was, perhaps, less alarming than it seems; for the information which might be "depended upon as being correct and authentic" was not only small in quantity but vague in quality as compared with what we now find in a time-table. The times at intermediate stations are often, but by no means always, given.

For the comparison of speed, accommodation, and fares, we may conveniently turn to the journey between London and Birmingham. This was performed by the day mail in five hours, and by the night mail in five and a half. There were only two nominal classes of carriages, but really four, the first class being subdivided into "four inside by day" and "six inside by night," and the second class into "closed by night" and "open by day." One would think more and not less elbow-room would be desired and paid for on the night journey; but such were the dispositions of 1839. The fares ranged from 32s. 6d. to 20s. At present the fast trains run to Birmingham in two hours and three-quarters or two hours and fifty minutes on the competing lines of the North-Western and Great Western Railways. The first-class fare is 17s. 4d., and the third-class 9s. 5d. Thus the traveller of 1890 gets for about half the sum paid by the traveller of 1840 nearly double the speed, and, one may safely say of the second- and third-class carriages, fully double the comfort. In other words, the purchasing power of railway fares has increased nearly eightfold, without counting the advantage derived from the increased number of trains; and we may fairly conclude that, on the whole, railway passengers are at least ten times as well off as their fathers of 1840 were. Probably the improvement would be less marked on the Southern lines. For example, the first-class fare between London and Paris is the same to a shilling as it was twenty-five years ago, though doubtless it commands much better value in speed and convenience. Posterity need have no doubt, we should add, as to the comforts of the original "2d class carriage, open by day"; for it is expressly notified that it was "without linings, cushions, or divisions in the compartments." Indeed we remember the aspect of it, like a modern goods truck, in a contemporary series of views of the London and Birmingham Railway which was among the joys of our infancy, and which we trust yet to meet with some day.

Posterity will also read with interest that "No gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any servant of the Company." So venerable is that fiction. But there is a pleasing touch of primitive innocence in the supposition that a passenger will appreciate or exercise a right to "claim the seat corresponding to the number on his ticket."

Development of railways in the West and South of England has not yet come into the story at the date of these tables, though it is to some extent foreshadowed in the neatly engraved maps which accompany them. Only a rudiment of the Great Western line as far as Twyford appears to have been in working order.

The publishing market has for some years been full of Utopias, and (to borrow M. Renouvier's coinage) Uchronias; visions lovely or unlovely, for example or for warning according to the writer's fancy, of commonwealths of the future. Will some engineer having the gift of imagination tell us what the *Bradshaw* of 1940 will be like? It would be more amusing than amateur Socialism, and, at any rate, the amusement would be innocent.

MONEY MATTERS.

AT the settlement at the beginning of this week Stock Exchange borrowers were charged by the banks from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 per cent. for loans, and within the House the carrying over rates in many cases ranged from 8 to 10 per cent., while on such securities as South African gold shares, on which bankers generally do not lend, the rates were as high as 30 to 40 per cent. Early in the week, too, the rates were stiff in the outside market. About three millions owed by brokers and discount-houses to the Bank of England had to be repaid or renewed. Somewhat over half the amount was renewed at 7 per cent., and in some cases $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and somewhat under one-half was repaid. But the discount rate in the open market yet remains unduly low. The quotation is 5 per cent., but business is really done at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., several of the banks taking bills at the latter figure. This is unfortunate and unwise, as is pointed out in another column, but it is to be feared that the banks will persist in their policy for some time longer. Coin and notes are coming back from the circulation in large amounts. Nearly a million returned to the Bank of England during the week ended Wednesday night. In consequence the Reserve increased 884,000*l.* to nearly 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, being over 35 per cent. of the liabilities. This is likely to encourage the competition between the bill-brokers and discount-houses for bills. They will speculate for the fall in money as they have been speculating for months past. It is true that the money now coming back, and which will come back for the next two months, will go out again in April and May, and consequently the Bank is really not strengthened; for no gold worth speaking of has yet been attracted from abroad, nor is any likely to come soon. It is, therefore, the true interest of the joint-stock and private banks to support the Bank of England, and thus increase the Reserve. But they will not see their true interest, or at all events they will not act upon it, and the question is whether the Bank of England can unaided do what is desirable. The taxes are coming in now at the rate of about 2 millions a week, the money being transferred from the other banks to the Bank of England, and the rate of collection will increase till the middle of March. This may enable the Bank of England soon to obtain control of the outside market, but it seems clear now that even a 5 per cent. rate in the open market will not attract the gold that is required. The Bank of England must, if possible, raise the discount rate in the open market nearly to 6 per cent., and must keep it at that figure for weeks to come in order to attract gold from abroad.

The banks of Bombay and Bengal on Thursday raised their rates of discount to 9 per cent. This affords evidence that the improvement of trade in India is even greater than had been supposed, and that, consequently, the outflow of money from Bombay and Calcutta to the interior must be very large. There is always a certain amount of stringency at this season of the year, but then the imports of silver into India during the past twelve months have been on an unusually large scale, and, besides, the purchases by the Indian banks of the India Council's Bills and Telegraphic Transfers have been very large. In 1889 the sterling value of the purchases exceeded those of 1888 by considerably more than 2 millions, and they have continued to be large lately. Therefore, it would seem to follow that the accumulation of money in the Indian Presidency Treasuries must be smaller than usual; less money, that is to say, must be in the Treasuries, and therefore in Bombay and Bengal, and in the circulation of the interior there must be a very much larger supply than twelve months ago. Yet the demand for loans and discounts at Bombay and Bengal is such that the rate has advanced since the end of the year from 6 to 9 per cent.

The high rates charged to operators on the Stock Exchange are not only checking speculation, but causing many speculators to sell. Consols have been firm during the week, as the Government broker, it is said, has been buying; and they are likely to maintain their price for some time to come, as the purchases for the Sinking Fund must be very large this spring, the regular Sinking Fund of 6 millions being increased by the handsome surplus which Mr. Goschen will realize. But home railway stocks were sold persistently, and therefore fell all round, until the Bank return issued on Thursday afternoon gave a little more courage to the market. A dividend of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was declared at the end of last week on the "A" or Deferred Stock of the London and Brighton Company. This was a rate which would have appeared utterly impossible only a year ago, and yet the stock fell about $2\frac{1}{2}$ within two or three days after the announcement. The price, of course, has risen very greatly within a year, and the speculation in it has been very large, though carried on by a comparatively small number of persons. The public generally have not bought it largely; and, as there will be no dividend for another twelve months, at present rates it is not profitable to keep the stock with borrowed money. The other railway dividend

announcements have generally been disappointing to the market, as they have not come up to the high expectations entertained; but the real cause of the weakness, as already stated, is the high rates that have had to be paid, and probably will have to be paid for a considerable time to come.

The foreign market is kept quiet by the stringency in money in London and Berlin. But it is understood that the negotiations between the Russian Government and a group of French bankers for the conversion of another instalment of the Russian Debt are making good progress, and that as soon as the London money market becomes easier the operation will be undertaken. It is also expected that the French funding loan will be brought out early in the spring, and with these two great loans in preparation the general opinion is that the market will by-and-bye become much more active.

The decision of the directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company not to pay the interest on the First Income Bonds has created a very bitter feeling in the City. Distrust of American railroad management was strong before; it is greatly intensified now. It is alleged that Mr. Corbin, the President of the Company, has up to a few weeks ago been constantly assuring correspondents in this country that the full interest was earned, and would be paid. And yet the voting trustees, who were appointed under the reorganization plan a couple of years ago to protect the interests of investors, have re-elected Mr. Corbin and all his colleagues. Mr. Corbin himself pleads that he was misinformed, and was as much surprised as the rest of the world when the accounts came to be finally made up; but this is clearly no excuse for the President of a great railway Company. Apparently, however, the voting trustees think that they are bound by the informal promise to him that they would support him for five years, until it is distinctly proved that he has been guilty of actual misconduct. The incident has caused a decline in American prices generally, and utterly stopped business in the market here.

The sharp fall this week in Primitiva Nitrates is understood to have been caused by a disagreement on details in the working out of the combination between the nitrate-producing Companies. A little before Christmas the several Companies agreed to combine to restrict the output and raise the price, and at the same time to take measures for increasing the consumption. It is understood that they are agreed in principle; but there are some differences of opinion as to the best way of carrying out part of the plan. This leaked out, and speculators immediately began to sell upon a large scale, frightening several smaller holders. It is asserted, however, by the Companies that the combination will be maintained, and that a mode will very soon be found for conciliating all differences of opinion.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.

(Second Notice.)

THE decline from Holbein to the art of his followers is hardly more rapid than the fall which is experienced at the New Gallery in passing from the West to the South, and then on to the North, Room. During the reign of Henry VIII. we are so much dazzled by the genius of Holbein that we hardly look at his pupils. Under Edward VI. we take Gwillim Stretes as quite an original painter, and under Mary are obliged unwillingly to accept Lucas de Heere. When Elizabeth arrives, so doleful is the descent into vile art that even De Heere is regretted. The most valuable existing portrait of Prince Edward—who, it must be remembered, was only six years old when Holbein died—is that which the Duke of Northumberland sends from Sion House (189). This must have been painted in 1542. Except so far as dress is concerned, and in so far as the right hand is in one case open and in the other shut, this and Lord Yarborough's portrait (174) are identical. In each the fresh carnations of the chubby face give no foreboding of sickness. No. 189 is brilliant with scarlet and gold; No. 174 wears a graver suit of claret colour. We may trace the gradual decline of health in the unfortunate boy. In Lord Petrie's picture (182)—which is too old to be by Holbein, to whom it is attributed, but is a good example of the school, green background and all—the face is pale and delicate, but not sickly. Various portraits, all preserving the same serious and pathetic forms, lead up to the large "Edward VI. presenting the Charter to Bridewell, in 1553," where Gwillim Stretes has given him the deathly pallor of exhaustion. Was this, we wonder, one of the two paintings for which, as Strype tells us, Edward VI. paid Stretes fifty marks? To Lucas Horebont, we imagine, must be attributed the unnamed "Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset" (196), painted in 1535, perhaps under the eye of Holbein, to whom the future Protector was sitting-in that year. This is very fine in expression, with its pale resoluteness in the keen and sinister eyes and shrewd mouth.

We pass to the reign of Mary, and are met at once by Lord Ashburnham's three-quarters length, which shows the Queen as she was soon after her accession. The colours of this picture are suspiciously bright and fresh; it is probably a good copy, perhaps of some work by Lucas de Heere. The type of Mary is of unquestionable fidelity; few of her painters tried to flatter her, and from all those who were at all competent we get the narrow brows, the bloodless lips, tapering fingers, and rat-like black eyes of the original. A fine piece of painting is Sir Antonio Moro's

"Queen Mary" (204), lent by the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and doubtless one of the partial replicas of the famous Moro in the Madrid Gallery. An admirable head of Thomas Cranmer (223), which would have done honour to any painter of that age, is lent, without conjecture as to authorship, by Mr. Holman Hunt. When we come to the reign of Elizabeth merit has sunk very low indeed. The numerous portraits here exhibited are, with a very few exceptions, curiosities, not works of art. In the age of Holbein, even among painters who did not possess his genius, the head, with its emotional and intellectual characteristics, was of the first importance. Among the degenerate artists of the reign of Elizabeth positive ignorance of the forms of the human subject and callous disregard of modelling are condoned by extravagant attention to details of costume—jewelry, embroidery, the ornamentation of ruff, bodice, sleeve, and farthingale. It is generally claimed that Federigo Zuccherro, the Roman painter, was the genius and controlling spirit of this decadent period. We notice that, whenever an Elizabethan painting has not been obviously by any one else, it has always seemed safe to put it down to Zuccherro. He came to England in 1574, and he is supposed to have worked here until late in the reign of Elizabeth. Yet very little seems to be known about himself or his works. If he be really the author of the "Queen Elizabeth" (349) he was capable of exercising his fantastic brush with extraordinary delicacy and skill. This head and bust, with its light rose-coloured mantle, pale red hair extended in wings, florid brocade and huge ruff, and, above all, with its charming flesh-tones and refined treatment of surface, is fascinating in the extreme, and by far the most pleasing of the portraits of Elizabeth. The painter of this faulty, but exceedingly clever, work can hardly be the same as, for instance, that of the crowned head with gauze wings (288) and a profusion of ill-painted jewels which bears the same artist's name. The North Gallery is full of hard, ill-wrought heads and figures which have great historical and literary interest, but which rarely possess any artistic beauty, and which would need to be examined with close critical care by experts before they could be accepted as contributions to the history of art in England.

The main artistic interest of the Tudor Exhibition, however, centres round the invaluable collection of eighty-seven drawings by Hans Holbein which the Queen has sent from Windsor Castle. There used to be more of these portraits than now exist; it is said, we know not with what truth, that the children of Queen Caroline were allowed to cut up some of them and to play with them all. They were begun in 1527, when Holbein first arrived in the Court of Henry VIII. They are all drawn rapidly from life, in coloured chalk upon reddish paper; some of them have the outlines marked with Indian ink, a few are shaded in the same material, and one or two have notes of colour upon them. They seem to have been the first sketches made by the master before proceeding to an elaborate portrait. They are often life-size, and their outlines were doubtless transferred directly to the canvas. Many of these drawings represent the leaders of female fashion in England while Holbein was Court painter. We find Lady Eliot, Lady Hobby, Lady Rich, Lady Dorset, and many others, few of them strictly beautiful in feature, and some distinctly homely, but all so truly drawn, with such a firm hand and so noble a fidelity to nature, that they look extremely modern, and might be contemporaries of our own. But, on the whole, it is in his male heads that Holbein pre-eminently excels. We may take, for example, "Simon George of Cornwall" (534), whose finished picture is at Frankfort. This profile is one of the most lifelike and the most amazing productions of the art of the world. The drawing of the eye, of the lips, of the small drooping moustache, is simply final; this is nature itself, and all done so quietly, with so little expenditure of effort, that it looks like the result of accident. No finer drawing in chalks exists anywhere, nor one which has less the appearance of antiquity. This rather commonplace young fellow, with his dazzled eye and out-of-door roughness of skin, who has neglected for at least forty-eight hours to shave himself, might have just walked in to-day from rabbit-shooting. Nor, if we pass from this to such noble and intellectual faces as those of "Sir Thomas Eliot" (514) or "Sir Thomas More" (515) do we find in Holbein any less actuality, any greater difficulty in recording, with the utmost rapidity and freshness, the facts before him. No equally rich collection of vivid portraits from a single hand exists anywhere as this treasury of Holbein's life-studies. We know what people were like at the Court of Henry VIII., and are surprised to find that they wonderfully resembled ourselves. How comes it, then, we may ask, that by the reign of Elizabeth people had contrived to alter until they seemed, if we may trust the portrait-painters, to look like creatures of another planet? The answer, doubtless, is not that humanity had changed, but that the artists had lost their cunning.

In the North Gallery the interest of the relics exceeds that of the pictures. Nothing could be more pathetic than the case of "Baby Linen" (1054) made by Elizabeth for that infant which existed only in poor Mary's imagination. All the little delicate garments are as fresh as if made yesterday. In a contiguous case are the slippers, shoes, brushes, stomacher, and gloves left by the Princess Elizabeth when she was hurried from Ashridge on suspicion of being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. On the other side of the room is the "sardonyx" (1031), said to be the identical ring, containing in cameo the portrait of Elizabeth, which the Queen gave to Essex on his departure for Cadiz. Mr. Thynne, who lends this delightful relic, says that it has passed

from Essex's daughter, Lady Frances Devereux in unbroken succession to himself. But if Sir Dudley Carleton's famous and picturesque story is true, that the dying Countess of Nottingham gave the ring back to Queen Elizabeth on March 4, 1603, how did it get back into the Devereux family? We must either reject a most characteristic story, or believe that this sardonyx is a ring, but not the ring, given to Essex by the Queen. There seems to be a surer pedigree for the seed-pearls (1036) which formerly adorned the handkerchief thrown by Elizabeth over the shoulders of Jane Purdie, when she won the prize for tossing pancakes. Professor Church, who has sought to revive the elegant practice of using painted roundels at dessert, will be interested to see a set (1042), in a box stamped with the Royal arms, left by Queen Elizabeth when she dined on the village green of Northiam, on her way to Rye.

In a remote part of the balcony are placed certain printed books of very great rarity, mostly lent from Althorpe, by Lord Spencer. Among Bibles are Tyndale's second edition of the *Pentateuch*, 1534; the first of Miles Coverdale's Bible, 1535; and the great Bible of Henry VIII., 1539; as well as Cranmer's Bible of 1540, and the Breeches Bible of 1560. An exceedingly valuable series of liturgical volumes illustrate the development of the Book of Common Prayer. Among books of special interest to the literary student may be mentioned Caxton's *Eneydos*, of 1490; the first edition of the *Astrophell and Stella* of Sir Philip Sidney, 1591; the *King Lear* of 1608; Spenser's *Amoretti and Epithalamion*, 1595, a charming little volume, typical of the best skill of the Elizabethan printer; and Garrick's copy of Ben Jonson's folio *Works* of 1616.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

AT first sight the dividends announced by the London banks are rather disappointing. The City Bank, it is true, declares a dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, against 10 per cent. at this time last year, being an increase of 1 per cent.; but the other metropolitan banks distribute at the same rate as twelve months ago, and so do the two joint-stock discount Companies. It is true that most of them carry forward to the new half-year larger balances than they did twelve months ago; but it was very generally expected that they would not only do this, but would be able to distribute more money to their shareholders. And the surprise is all the greater because the provincial banks have done decidedly better. Of twenty of these latter, one pays 2 per cent. more than at this time last year, four pay each 1 per cent. more, and one pays $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more, only one bank out of the twenty paying less. In this case the fall is considerable—as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. But it will be seen that out of the twenty banks seven pay more than they did twelve months ago, only one pays less, and twelve pay at the same rate as at this time last year. But it is to be recollected that, though last year was one of the most prosperous in the history of the country, the comparison is made with a year which was also exceedingly good. The improvement in trade began at the end of 1885. During the two following years it was retarded by war scares, but in 1888 it became decided and general; and, though it was still better last year, there were special reasons during the few latest months why the London banks did not make as large profits as in the corresponding period of 1888. Early in August the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 3 per cent. At the end of the same month it advanced the rate to 4 per cent., and towards the end of September it again raised it to 5 per cent. At the beginning of October it looked for a while as if the rate would be advanced to 6 per cent.; but large amounts of gold were imported, and the value of money in the open market immediately declined. It went on falling, with some fluctuations, till the beginning of December, when the payment of a large sum from the Exchequer to the County Councils lowered it still more; and there was no recovery until Christmas. Thus, while the rates of interest and discount were rising in the open market during the first half of the six months, they fell rapidly during the second half. But a falling market is always less profitable than a rising. While the discount rate of the Bank of England was at 5 per cent. the joint-stock and private banks allowed $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon money deposited with them, and they were often unable to employ that money at better rates. That is to say, for nearly three months they made very little profit, and sometimes none at all, upon the large sums on which they paid interest. All this implies that, during the last quarter of the year, speculation upon the Stock Exchange was less active in London than previously in the year. Partly this was due to the fear that money might become suddenly scarce; but largely it was the result of the crisis in Buenos Ayres, the revolution in Brazil, and the apprehension that there might be a breakdown of speculation in Berlin. The London banks employ a very large proportion of their funds in lending to the Stock Exchange, and when the demand for the Stock Exchange falls off they are naturally, therefore, unable to use the money as profitably as at other times. But the country banks are not so much interested in the activity of the Stock Exchange. They provide to a proportionately much larger extent for trade proper, and trade having been exceedingly good they were able to make better

profits than the metropolitan banks. Besides, the country banks do not follow so closely as those of London alterations in the Bank of England rate, and the competition between them is decidedly less keen.

The fall in the rates of interest and discount during the last quarter of the year was caused, as we have said, to a certain extent by the slackening of speculation upon the Stock Exchange; but to a still greater extent it was the result of the action of the banks themselves. The joint-stock and private banks are in the habit of altering the rate they allow upon deposits whenever the discount rate of the Bank of England is changed. Formerly they allowed 1 per cent. less than the Bank rate; but now they allow 1½ per cent. less. The object of this is to enable the joint-stock and private banks to compete more successfully with the Bank of England. As they themselves pay upon their deposits 1½ per cent. less than the rate of discount charged by the Bank of England, they are able to take bills below the Bank of England charge, and yet make a profit. Each of them fears that its rivals will be content with a very small profit, and each, therefore, competes so keenly that they force rates down. The practice is fraught with grave dangers to the best interests of the community. In ordinary times it concerns only the Bank of England and the other banks; but at times like the present, when the reserve of the Bank of England is too low, and when foreign countries are desirous of reducing it still further by withdrawing large sums of gold, the joint-stock and private banks must sooner or later bring on a crisis if they persist in their present conduct. Even in their own interest it would be better to insist upon higher rates. They might, it is true, lend less money; but they would get more for it, and in the end they would probably make as large profits. But it is not their interests with which we are specially concerned, it is those of the whole community, and they undoubtedly suffer when apprehension is created in the money market, and business is thereby thrown out of gear. The banks defend themselves on the ground, firstly, that they have to meet the competition of powerful Continental banks which have offices and agencies in London; and, secondly, that they are controlled by the action of the bill-brokers and discount-houses. As respects the Continental banks, it is obvious that they cannot accommodate all the demands of the Continent and of the United Kingdom as well. They could not force down rates in London if the joint-stock and private banks here acted more prudently. And as for the bill-brokers and discount-houses, they are entirely dependent upon the joint-stock and private banks. The bill-brokers and discount-houses borrow from the banks the money which they employ in discounting bills, and they re-discount those bills with the banks. If the banks did not lend as cheaply as they do at present, the bill-brokers and discount-houses could not lower the rate of discount in the open market, and still less could they do this if the joint-stock and private banks refused to re-discount at the low rates at which they generally work. It may be objected that we are urging upon the banks combination to keep up the value of money, and that this is a thing which ought to be discouraged, not encouraged, by public opinion. No doubt it ought to be discouraged as a general rule, but then the constitution of our money market and our banking law make it necessary to resort to artificial means to protect the reserve of the Bank of England. The question is not whether combination is a good thing, for in itself it undoubtedly is not, but rather whether, without combination, the rate of discount in the open market can be maintained at such a figure as will protect the money market from scares that disturb trade and may seriously injure it. As matters stand at present, some kind of artificial means must be employed to protect the Bank of England reserve. Either the Bank itself must borrow large sums in the open market artificially to raise the rates of interest and discount, or the joint-stock and private banks must themselves not lend and discount as they habitually do. The latter would undoubtedly be the preferable solution. It would prevent the fluctuations in rates that are now so frequent and so disturbing; it would maintain the confidence of the public; it would enable business men to calculate more closely the cost of any enterprise into which they were about to enter; and, finally, it would be advantageous to the banks themselves.

There is another point of very great moment to which we would ask the attention of the public. It is that the joint-stock and private banks are now in the habit of keeping smaller amounts of cash than they formerly did. The reports of all the banks for the past half-year are not yet published, and we cannot, therefore, give the present figures. But it is notorious that year by year the amounts of cash kept have been growing smaller. At the end of June, 1879, the London joint-stock banks kept in cash about 12½ per cent. of their liabilities to the public. But at the end of June last they kept only about 10½ per cent. And though the state of the private banks cannot be thus shown, it is understood that they also now keep smaller balances. Our readers are aware that the Bank of England keeps the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom. The joint-stock and private banks, indeed, affect to keep a reserve; but it is invested in Consols and other good securities. It would, of course, be available after a while; but it would not be available in case of a crisis. Then the only cash reserve kept would be found to be in the Bank of England. The banks, it is true, keep balances with the Bank of England; but these balances are largely needed for Clearing-house purposes. The cash which they hold themselves is little more than is necessary for their daily current expenses. And, unfortunately, as we

have just been pointing out, the tendency for many years past has been to reduce, instead of increasing, these small balances. No doubt the chief reason is that, when unlimited liability was got rid of, the capital of all the joint-stock banks was increased. To keep up the old rates of dividend, therefore, more profits have to be made. And in order to do this the joint-stock banks have been drawing upon the cash reserves they formerly kept. This conduct of the joint-stock banks, by increasing their competition, has induced the private banks to act in the same way. But, though the explanation is easy enough to find, the danger of the practice is evident. Endeavouring by every means in their power to employ the largest amount of their funds which they can, the banks are constantly forcing down the rates of interest and discount. By so doing they are making it less and less practicable for the Bank of England to protect its own reserve. They are thereby causing those frequent fluctuations in the money market which alarm the City and disturb trade, and they are exposing themselves to serious danger if depositors should at any time become alarmed. We say this now because, happily, there is no risk of a scare amongst depositors, and consequently it may be said safely; and it is necessary that it should be said, so that the pressure of public opinion should be brought to bear upon the banks generally to compel them to alter a practice that may have such consequences.

REVIEWS.

DANTE'S PURGATORIO.*

MORE than two years ago Mr. William Vernon published, for the first time, at his own expense, the important old Latin Commentary on the *Commedia* of Dante by Benvenuto da Imola, thus adding another to the long list of services rendered to the study of this great poem, which must always cause the name of Vernon to be gratefully remembered by students of the chief poet of mediæval Italy.

Mr. Vernon's present work consists of a combined translation, paraphrase, and commentary dealing with the *Purgatorio* only, together with a large number of footnotes drawn widely from such able exponents of the poem as Scartazzini, Dean Plumptre, Mr. A. J. Butler, and Dr. Moore. The short introduction by the Dean of St. Paul's is, like all that Dr. Church has written on this subject, a most masterly and eloquent piece of writing, giving a sketch of the special peculiarities of the *Purgatorio*, as compared with the other main divisions of the *Commedia*. As Mr. Vernon in his preface remarks, "I feel that I have earned some title to the thanks of all lovers of Dante for having been the means, however unworthy, of making the author of the essay on Dante speak once more."

Dr. Church points out the special reasons which make the *Purgatorio*, in many respects, a better starting-point for the study of Dante than the *Inferno* or *Paradiso*.

The *Purgatorio* [he writes] is more human. In spite of famous episodes, the eternal memorials of the world's sin and woe, we shrink from the relentless and hopeless terrors of the *Inferno*. . . . And with all the serene splendour of the *Paradiso*, most readers, at least most beginners, find it more difficult to enter into than even the *Inferno*. It is possible to follow in imagination the miseries of those who suffer; but who can divine or conceive what is thought or felt by spirits on the other side of death, beyond temptation and weakness and pain, glorified and made perfect? But the *Purgatorio* is a great parable of the discipline on earth of moral agents, of the variety of their failures, and needs of the variety of their remedies. We understand the behaviour of those who are undergoing their figurative processes of purification.

Dr. Church then points out how rich this *Cantica* is in vivid passages descriptive of the beauties of nature, in recollections of lovely or awful scenery which had deeply impressed themselves on the poet's memory, and, lastly, in the historical interest of the life and death stories of many of the characters which Dante introduces into this portion of his vision.

Nothing could be more just than Dr. Church's estimate of the value of Benvenuto da Imola's commentary, which was written in 1375, after some years of lecturing on the *Commedia* at Bologna—that is, little more than half a century after Dante's death:—

Benvenuto is a scholar with a good deal of classical reading, a man of Italian good sense, Italian humour, and, in considerable proportion, Italian cynicism. He will go as far as knowledge and a sensible view will carry him . . . but the awful and solemn depths of a soul, which had dwelt for years in the presence of the eternal world and had all but seen it, were beyond his capacity.

To comment adequately on the *Commedia* was quite beyond the power of Boccaccio, Benvenuto, and all others who, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, tried to do so. Dante towers like a giant far above the heads of all his contemporaries and successors, alike in his intellectual, his moral, and his poetical genius. One may fairly say that in this present century he has been understood and appreciated more fully than ever he was before. Thus it is with a sense of disappointment that one pauses in the reading of any of the old commentaries, and Mr. Vernon has done wisely to make but a limited use of Benvenuto da Imola's some-

* Readings on the *Purgatorio* of Dante. Chiefly based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. By the Hon. William Warren Vernon, M.A. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

what wordy treatise on the text of the *Purgatorio*. In many cases the analysis or subdivision into parts of each canto, which Mr. Vernon has adopted from Benvenuto, is quite arbitrary, and seems to serve no useful purpose, while it rather checks the flow and diminishes the unity of each division of the poem. On the whole, however, Mr. Vernon's method of combining translation and explanation into one unbroken chain of writing has the great advantage of carrying the reader on throughout a whole canto, without those breaks and digressions which usually go so far to spoil the rhythmical unity and completeness of any poem which needs frequent explanation. The chief drawback is that an ordinary reader will be liable to confuse the part that is Dante's own with that which is added as amplification or comment by Mr. Vernon. It would have been well to mark the actual translation by using some different type from that employed for the explanations.

Those who are already well acquainted with the poem may feel some annoyance on reading it in the much-diluted form which of necessity results from Mr. Vernon's method of dealing with it; but to beginners the work will be of very great assistance. And even those who are not beginners may derive much profit from the many well-selected notes which are here collected from so many different sources. In the main, however, Mr. Vernon's work would be the better for a good deal of condensation; in many places the translation is far too wordy, and in some cases the same explanation is needlessly repeated—as, for example, in vol. i., at pp. 67, 71, and 72, where the same story about the body of Manfred being denied Christian burial is repeated three times over in the notes.

As a translator Mr. Vernon is both clear and accurate, and one can but rarely quarrel with his rendering. We must, however, protest against the translation of Canto xix. 5 (vol. ii. p. 36)—

*Qui lugent affermando esser beati,
Ch' avran di consolar l' anime donne—*

which Mr. Vernon gives as, "Affirming that they that mourn on earth will in heaven have their souls as ladies of consolation"; adding, "In the last line I follow Benvenuto: not one other translator or commentator that I have looked at, except Fraticelli, seems to give the true meaning." It would, indeed, be strange if many translators had taken *donne* for a substantive, "ladies of consolation," instead of understanding it as an adjective, "given to consolation."

It is a little unfortunate that the punctuation in Mr. Vernon's Italian text does not agree in so many places with the sense he has adopted as translator. A serious example of this is to be found at Canto xix. 58 to 60, where Mr. Vernon treats two sentences as questions which in his Italian text are given as affirmations.

Dante's peculiar use of the word *troppo*, as not necessarily implying excess, is overlooked in one passage (ix. 124) where *l'altra (chiave) vuol troppa d'arte* is translated "the other (the silver key) requires too much skill and sagacity," whereas it simply means "much skill." At xii. 116 Mr. Vernon gives the word its true meaning, translating *Ed esser mi pareva troppo più lieve*, "and I seemed to myself to have become far lighter than I had felt before." Again, at Canto xii. 37, where Dante is describing the sculptured reliefs on the pavement of the cornice of the Proud,

*O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti
Vedeva io te segnata in su la strada,*

is rendered, "O Niobe, with what grief did my eyes behold thee traced upon the pathway," whereas the *occhi dolenti* obviously refer to Niobe's grief, not that of Dante, who was deriving pleasure and instruction, rather than grief, from the sight of the sculptured examples of the punishment of Pride. In that beautiful passage (Canto vii. 73) where Dante is describing the brilliant hues of the flowers and herbage at the place where a group of distinguished spirits were gathered together, Mr. Vernon translates *cocco* and *Indico legno* by "cochineal" and "Indigo." The *cocco* is really the *hermes* beetle of Greece and Asia Minor, from which a very much finer and more durable scarlet was obtained than can ever be gained from the cochineal of America; and the use of the word *legno*, "wood," shows at least that *indigo* is not meant by the poet, though what special "Indian wood" he did mean is not easy to decide. A few, and not more than a few, similar slips in the translation might be noted—mostly points of but little importance to the general meaning of the poem, and the student may usually follow Mr. Vernon's renderings with confidence in their accuracy.

Benvenuto's note on Canto x. 32, where Dante selects Polyctetus as typifying what was best in ancient Greek sculpture, is interesting as showing the somewhat limited artistic taste and knowledge of Italy in the fourteenth century. In a note Mr. Vernon tells us, "Benvenuto thinks it a pity that Dante has not here quoted Praxiteles, the most famous Greek sculptor in marble, instead of Polyctetus, who was a sculptor in bronze." The Greeks during their best period of art thought differently, and rightly regarded bronze as by far a nobler material for sculpture than marble. Moreover, it is evident that Benvenuto did not know that the most famous works of Polyctetus, such as his colossal statue of Hera at Argos, were made of gold and ivory, the noblest of all possible materials for sculpture. At x. 96, Dante, speaking of the sculptured reliefs representing examples of Humility, with which the side of the cornice of the Proud was decorated, says *qui non si trova*, "such sculpture is nowhere to be seen" on earth. This suggests the thought as to what sculpture

Dante actually had seen. At Pisa he must have been familiar with the noble reliefs on Niccolò Pisano's pulpit in the Baptistery, and these were probably the finest examples of the plastic art that his eyes ever beheld. The exquisite reliefs with which Giotto and his pupils decorated the Campanile in Dante's beloved Florence he was never allowed to see. They were not executed till some years after the unhappy city had driven their best and greatest citizen into a lifelong exile.

As a frontispiece to the first volume Mr. Vernon gives us an excellent reproduction on a small scale of the well-known portrait of Dante on the east wall of the little chapel of the Bargello in Florence. This reproduction is made from a tracing in the possession of Lord Vernon, which is now of quite priceless value, from its having been made by the late Baron Kirkup soon after the discovery of the wall painting under many coats of whitewash, and before it was "restored," or rather re-painted in such a way as quite to destroy its authenticity. The picture in which this figure of Dante appears has been attributed to Giotto, probably wrongly, but there can be little doubt as to the genuineness of the representation of Dante, whom we see here in all the calm, stately beauty of his youth, before wrongs and exile and troubles of all kinds had marred with deep lines the poet's refined and intellectual face. It is, in fact, the one and only genuine picture of Dante that the world now possesses, and the value of Mr. Vernon's work is greatly enhanced by the addition of so beautiful a reproduction.

STORIES.*

IF all, or even if many, novels were as good as *A Loyal Mind*, the critic's task, in so far as it consists of reading, would be light indeed. At the same time it is not a book that requires a detailed description. It is a pleasant, and pleasantly told, story of one Hetty Stewart, and how she loved a country gentleman of suitable age and ample means, and how he loved her, and how a difference arose between them, and what came of it, and what was said and done by his sisters, his friend, some of his neighbours, his parson, and his parson's mother. The last named is the secondary heroine of the story, and the one Miss Price prefers. Though she has an offer in the course of the story, it is one not unbecoming to a parson's mother, and her second-heroineship does not consist in her "ways in subduing the hearts of men." For our own part, we prefer Hetty, who is less insipid than usual. Miss Price has written her story with a judicial mind. This does not mean that she has no preferences among her characters—far from it; but she has an unusual faculty of regarding circumstances of her own creation from the several points of view from which her characters would have regarded them. The poaching of a hare plays a not unimportant part in the narrative, and Miss Price indicates the views of the poacher and his friends, and of the owner of the hare and his friends, with a versatility far more creditable than common. Justice—though many people, and especially women, do not know it—is a thing that does not come by nature, but has to be learnt, like painting and some other arts. Miss Price appears to be endowed with the accomplishment to an extent unusual with authors of fiction. Perhaps the weakest point of the story is the misunderstanding between Hetty and the Squire. Hetty had promised A B not to tell of a certain transaction discreditable to C D. C D took advantage of Hetty's promise to tell lies to her disadvantage; but Hetty, though she knew of the lies, would not tell because of the promise. Hence the trouble. As protecting the reputation of C D was the only object to be gained by silence, the misconduct of C D clearly released Hetty from the promise, and she ought to have explained matters to her betrothed. But if she had there would have been no story, and that would have been a real loss to the reading public.

There was a preternaturally haughty earl, called the Earl of Darlbawn, dwelling on his vast estates at Darlbawn, "in the most beautiful part of the county of Louth," in Ireland. (The only beautiful part of Louth is a stretch of moorland in the neighbourhood of Carlingford, and Darlbawn is not in it.) He was a widower with one son, Lord Allaroe, who, like his papa, was "intensely haughty, and conservative of old class prejudices." Among these was a family prejudice that no Darlbawn should ever speak to, appear to see, or acknowledge the existence of any tenant on the estate. Lord Allaroe, at the age of nine, declined

* *A Loyal Mind*. By Eleanor C. Price, Author of "A Lost Battle" &c. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

Lord Allaroe; or, Marriage Not a Failure. By B. E. T. A. London: Digby & Long.

The House of Rimmon, a Story of the "Black Country" of South Staffordshire. By Jeannie Gwynne Bettany, Author of "Aunt Saracen's Two Legacies" &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1889.

A Stage Romance. A Novel. By Lilith Ellis. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

A Silent Combat: a Sketch on the Riviera. By Miles Farrant. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

The Loveliest Woman in London: a Story in Ten Scenes. By Campbell Rae-Brown, Author of "Kissing-Cup's Race" &c. London: Dean & Son.

Blind Justice. By Helen Mather, Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" &c. London: Ward & Downey.

The Long Exile: and other Stories for Children. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. London: Walter Scott.

firmly to "mix himself up" with questions of "tenants' rights." He justly observed that, "if you begin to adopt their opinions, they grow insatiable in their demands. There are people paid on every estate, whose business it is to see that the tenant classes are properly provided for, and I do not understand why some proprietors, and men of position, too, make life a penance for themselves, and a bore to their circle, by dragging forward, at every opportunity, a picture of misery which money can prevent or alleviate." Consequently, father and son were boundlessly popular with their tenantry, and as the young man rolled in money all through the story, it would seem that all the tenants always paid their rents with the alacrity happily characteristic of the county of Louth. Within a few months of this utterance of Lord Allanroe's, Lord Darlbawn married a second wife. She was a frail young thing, nurtured in a loving household, and when she found that her husband and stepson, although they had the most perfect manners, always addressed each other as "my lord," and never spoke of her except as "the Countess," her spirit pined. At last she sent for Allanroe and pointed out to him that, whereas he was only ten, she was nineteen, and had consequently had more experience of life than he. "My darling," she said, "if, in addition to your other responsibilities, you should one day find yourself guardian to a weakling babe who may not, I fear, possess the same strong nature as you have to exist without tender caressing love, you will take care, my love, will you not, that the little creature is not shut out from maternal affection by the necessary and pressing duties of class and station?" She added a great deal more to the same effect, and Lord Allanroe replied in similarly aristocratic language, after which he withdrew, and the lady gave birth to a daughter and died. Lord Allanroe, being aroused from sleep, took charge of his infant half-sister and became tenderly attached to her. In obedience to a childish whim which possessed Lady Iola when she was about four years old, he so far departed from the traditions of his race as to speak to a man called old Williams. This man was gatekeeper in Darlbawn Park. His forbears had been gatekeepers there for two hundred years. No member of the Darlbawn family had ever spoken to a gatekeeper before. This gracious act of condescension raised to boiling-point the enthusiasm with which every person of the tenant classes in the county of Louth regarded Lord Allanroe, and it stayed boiling ever after. The two children grew up; Lord Darlbawn died; and Lord Allanroe succeeded him, and married a pretty lady with a strong fortuitous resemblance in face to Iola. And Iola married a Scotch earl's brother. There was an imbecile muddle about some of them having played a game of being married at a children's party in Scotland long years before, and thus several of them suffered inconceivable agonies of mind for fear of the effects of Scotch law; and it all got itself cleared up, and old Williams was as pleased as Punch. When Lord Darlbawn (II.) went to an evening party in London, at the Duchess of Estons', he "retired to a curtained alcove and stretched himself on a couch," where he had a snooze, until two men, one of whom was called "the Hon. McKay" and also "the Honourable May," woke him up by talking about his sister. This astonishing romance proves that marriage is not a failure. Each chapter has a heading of drivel out of the correspondence about marriage there was a year and a half ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, and the whole is dedicated, "by gracious permission," in a beautiful screeled like an epitaph, "to the Right Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Gladstone, whose Constancy, Courage, Fidelity, and other conspicuous Christian Virtues" have apparently acquired for that distinguished lady the unprecedented honour of admission to the Privy Council. We should venture to proffer our humble congratulations if the mark of royal favour had not been accompanied with the totally undeserved infliction of the lucubrations of B.E.T.A.

The title is one of the worst things about *The House of Rimmon*. It is as if one should write a story about two families, each named Parliament, and call it *The Houses of Parliament*. For there is no religious or metaphorical significance about Miss Bettany's title. She has chosen, for no apparent reason, to give to the family of which most of her characters are members the singular name of Rimmon; and it might just as well have been "The House of Jones." Some critics might conceivably think it also a bad thing that the style and spirit of the story continuously recall Mr. Baring-Gould in his less pastoral and more politico-social efforts. We are not of their number. In the first place the likeness is only superficial, and in the second there is room enough in the world, and even in England, for many more Mr. Baring-Goulds than are in the least likely to make their appearance. Keziah Rimmon, the heroine, is really a rather attractive young person, though never again so much so as on her first appearance, before Miss Bettany, playing the part of Nemesis with a gusto common among lady writers, has chastened her for her good in a most edifying manner. Joshua Rimmon, Keziah's father, is a self-made man, and not at all a nice one. The retribution which overtakes him is picturesque, but has the merit—from his point of view—of lasting less than a quarter of an hour. Although the story is rather a long one, the canvas is not overcrowded, and the characters are life-like and interesting. There is a rather good villain, named Hackbit, who has the audacity to marry Keziah, and who drinks; but large spiders take to coming out of the door all too early in his career of entertaining villany. He should have been reserved for the final crash. The story suffers for want of him after he has seen the spiders once too often.

Except that *A Strange Romance* is a powerfully dull novel of the doings of several particularly insignificant strolling actors, with whom are mixed up an exceedingly fatuous baronet, a number of people who do private theatricals, and a precociously jealous and most unattractive little girl, and that all the latter half of the story is peculiarly confused and unintelligible, and frequently intruded upon by strange new characters who have nothing to do with it (one of them suffered for his intrusiveness, though—he had "strong, white teeth running obliquely across the face"), there is not much to be said about *A Strange Romance*. However, it may be useful to Lilith Ellis to be told that Frankenstein was born of human parents in the ordinary way, and that the name of the ambitious personage who had the misfortune to be skinned by Apollo was not Maryas.

A Silent Combat is a shilling paper volume, containing 148 rather closely-printed pages. Grant (English) and Krakoff (Russian) loved Mrs. Henry, a widow. Krakoff used to mesmerize her, and make her play for him at Monte Carlo, and she generally won. Grant thought—with apparent justice—that Krakoff, if not interfered with, would mesmerize Mrs. Henry enough to make her marry him. It was suggested to him that he should mesmerically will the lady not to play. He did so, striving to counteract Krakoff. The result of the silent combat was that the lady got up, and said she would never play again. Then she departed, without leaving her address. Grant wondered whether he should ever see her again, but felt sure he "had not seen the last of Krakoff." And there an end.

A more melancholy, inconsequent, wandering story of aristocrats and murder than *The Loveliest Woman in London* it would be hard to find. The outside of the cover is ingeniously stamped with a photograph—not of the loveliest woman in London—which the judicious may observe and avoid. The story has one merit, and that is that there is very little of it.

It would be a pity to believe that so accomplished an author as Miss Helen Mather was silly enough to want to agitate in favour of Mrs. Maybrick. Therefore it must be owned that, when she had constructed a story upon the notorious superstition that Styrian peasants live principally upon arsenic, that it makes them healthy, wealthy, and wise, subject only to the drawback that if they do not get it they die with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and had made the plot turn upon a wife being wrongly condemned for the murder of her arsenic-eating husband, and her probity vindicated just in time, she chose an unfortunate moment for its publication. There is some droll law in the story, the best of which is that, as the lady was expecting to be confined, "the law allowed her a further period of life beyond her execution!"

Some of Count Tolstoi's stories for children are of so very plain and simple a character that English children, at any rate, will not care to read them. For instance, we are told how a hare woke, and went through the snow to a granary and ate some corn, and came back, and was chased by a dog, and got safe to its hole, and went to sleep. That is absolutely all, and very simply and prettily told, only not with the prettiness that children care about. Mr. Dole, in his preface, almost raves about his text. He does not see that the taste for Tolstoi's work takes some acquiring, or that his popularity in England is largely due to his being so entirely different from writers to whom we are accustomed. Children will not find these stories fresher than any other stories, but they will find most of them less interesting than many others. Nevertheless, grown-up people, skimming the volume, will be hard to please if they do not find something in it that they consider pretty.

BASINGSTOKE.*

BASINGSTOKE has fourteen lines devoted to it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Warner gives only two pages of his *History of Hampshire* to its annals; but the town is now avenged of the neglect of topographers, for Mr. Millard and Mr. Baigent have filled seven hundred and ninety pages with details of its affairs past and present. The cynical may be inclined to say that excess has superseded defect, and it would be difficult to think of any person or persons deliberately setting out to compile a volume of nearly eight hundred large octavo pages of the annals of Basingstoke. The book, like many others, has hardly been written—it has grown. The original author, so to speak, was the Rev. James Elwin Millard, the vicar of the town, who in 1873 wrote a "short account" extending only to twenty-nine pages. A new edition of this was wanted and undertaken. Mr. Baigent made some important contributions, and when the first sheets had actually passed through the press the plan was changed, a full history was resolved upon, and Mr. Baigent's additional share was so important that he became principal instead of accessory. It would have been difficult to conceal the evidences of such a change of front, nor have the authors endeavoured to do so; but, on the contrary, the genesis of the book is very fairly stated. Such defects as the *History of Basingstoke* shows chiefly result from the circumstance that it has grown, instead of having been created. This does not prevent it from being a substantial (in every sense) and, in some respects, satisfactory addition to topographical literature.

* *A History of the Ancient Town and Manor of Basingstoke in the County of Southampton; with a Brief Account of the Siege of Basing House, A.D. 1643-1645.* By Francis Joseph Baigent and James Elwin Millard. Basingstoke: C. J. Jacob. 1889.

There is a reference to the town in Shakspeare, and a perhaps more popular dramatist, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, has, in *Ruddigore*, attributed to its name a moral efficacy and charm greater even than that of "the blessed word Mesopotamia." If we turn from glowing drama to sober history there are slight evidences of prehistoric races and of Roman occupation at Basingstoke; but it comes into clear historic light as the scene of a battle in which the Danes defeated Ethelred and his famous younger brother Alfred in 870. From Domesday we learn that it was a royal manor, with a market and a church, of which the patronage belonged to the monks of Mount St. Michael. In 1210 the manor was granted to the town at a yearly rent of 10*l.* 12*s.* This was the time of the Papal interdict, and during the suspension of ecclesiastical functions the people of Basingstoke buried their dead in Holy Ghost Liten. There was a chapel there, and apparently an image of the Third Person of the Trinity. One of the irreverent rhymesters of the Reformation says:—

To the good holy ghosts
That painted post
Abiding at Basingstoke,
Which yet doth as much good
As a god made of wood,
And yet he beareth a great stroke.

The ruins now visible are the remains of the structure built by Lord Sandys shortly before the change of religion. The Guild of the Holy Ghost, although of considerable antiquity, was not incorporated until the reign of Henry VIII. Licensed in 1524, it was dissolved in 1550, and reconstituted under Philip and Mary. The Guild had educational as well as religious duties, and its estates are now vested in the Trustees of the Queen's Free School. The master is still summoned to visitations as the chaplain of the Chapel of the Holy Ghost. There are some interesting extracts from the accounts and other documents. In 1558, 2½ lbs. of butter cost 5*d.*, and a gallon of cream 6*d.* Connected with the "Liten," or cemetery, is a very gruesome story of a Mrs. Blunden, who is said to have been buried in a state of coma, and, after having been dug up, was reburied whilst still alive. A very curious tract on the subject is reprinted bodily. What amount of foundation there was for this evidently exaggerated narrative it is not easy to say. The story is given in the English adaptation of Brubier's *Signes de la Mort*, published in 1746—not 1786, as our authors say. Whilst Basingstoke had the control of its own liberties municipally there was no secular guild. In this respect the evolution of the town deserves careful study, and the materials, at least, are supplied by the present book. The extracts from the court-rolls are sometimes curious. A fine of 6*d.* each was inflicted in April 1425 upon William Badcock and William Canner respectively for drawing each other's blood, one by his teeth and the other by his dagger. A fine of 20*d.* was levied upon William Atte Noke (who was declared to be a common gamester and a common wanderer by night) for casting dice "to his own advantage." The gamblers of the good old times understood the doctrine of altruism as little as do their successors. In 1442 John Bolle, having drawn a long dagger, worth 8*d.*, upon another townsman, was fined 8*d.*, the exact value of the weapon—a form of poetical justice not unpopular with the jury. In the following year a draper was fined the same amount for selling at Basingstoke market woollens which were "not washed nor sheared, and so deceived the people of the Lord King." The manumission of John Cowleslade in 1523 is a document interesting from its preamble:—"Whereas originally God created all men free by nature, and afterwards, by the right of nations, some were placed under the yoke of servitude; and as we believe that it is a pious and meritorious act before God to relieve certain of our subjects from such servitude and villenage, and to make them absolutely free. Know ye," &c. There are many regulations of a sanitary and social character to show that, according to their lights, the authorities of Basingstoke were anxious for the good health and good manners of the community. In a letter about a theological lectureship founded in 1608 the writer says:—"Remember to help us at your leisure with some instructions against the wicked family." This perplexing allusion, which the authors are unable to explain, may possibly be directed against the Family of Love; for the English disciples of Niklaas, notwithstanding their fierce persecution by Elizabeth, survived to the close of the Commonwealth, and were a favourite target for theological sharpshooters. The siege of Basing House is described. Fuller, Inigo Jones, and Thomas Johnson, the botanist, were amongst the besieged. The authors do not appear to have consulted the late Mr. J. E. Bailey's admirable *Life of Fuller*, or they would surely have referred more in detail to that militant Churchman's share in the defence. The Churchwardens' accounts include many interesting items. Some of these show the existence of a chained library at the beginning of the last century. Whether this still survives is not stated.

The earliest Nonconformists in Basingstoke were the Quakers, who found their way to gaol in 1655. In 1733 a number of the "Friends" were distrained upon, and the sale of their goods realized 4*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* The rates and all expenses amounted to 4*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* This, as the Churchwardens carefully note, left "due to the Quakers 1*s.* 5*d.*," which sum they bestowed upon Widow Clarke, who, of course, was not a Quaker. The latest accession to the spiritual forces of the town are the adherents of the Salvation Army. Excess of zeal on the part of the followers and opponents of "General" Booth in 1881 led to the riot known as

the Basingstoke Brawl. This is probably the first topographical work of any moment in which the Salvation Army is mentioned; and, whilst some may think these eccentric religionists beneath the notice of the historic muse, it is certain that we should all be glad to have candid and impartial accounts of the strange sects of the time of Elizabeth and Cromwell. The good and bad points of the Salvation Army are very fairly indicated. The worthies of Basingstoke are Walter de Merton, John de Basingstoke, Dr. Richard White of Douai College, Sir James Lancaster, the navigator, Sir George Wheler, Thomas Warton, Joseph Warton, Thomas Warton the Poet Laureate, and Thomas and John James, the associates of Ged, the inventor of stereotyping.

The book ends with a lengthy appendix of documents and an index that is most praiseworthy elaborate. If we cannot say that Messrs. Baigent and Milward have produced a really good history of Basingstoke, it is undeniable that they have furnished a quarry from which the student of local history, of the social condition of the past, and, above all, of the development of local self-government, may dig out matter of great interest and importance. As a history the book is too diffuse and disconnected, lacking in the essential elements of concentration and continuity, but as a storehouse it is welcome. Perhaps no one but a conscientious reviewer will ever read it through from cover to cover; but many, we may hope, will at least, both in Basingstoke and elsewhere, dip into it, and they will rarely fail to hit upon something that is either curious or interesting.

THREE BOOKS ON SUBMARINE MINING.*

THE official manual devoted to the art and mystery of submarine mining, as every one connected with the craft is aware, is a strictly confidential publication. In other words, it is only obtainable under very ceremonious conditions—likely to render its possession rather irksome than desirable—and that only by commissioned and a limited number of favourably considered non-commissioned officers. Furthermore, whilst this textbook is a compilation of such obsolete matter as to give an almost burlesque turn to the solemn admonitions concerning the terrible consequences which inattention to the strictly confidential nature of its ancient information might entail, the modern edition, on the other hand, to the rewriting of which up to date so many years have been devoted, is apparently not yet obtainable. Indeed, if past experience be a criterion of the future, it may possibly not be issued till most of its contents have, in their turn, become a mere chronicle of discarded contrivances.

Meanwhile the non-existence of any comprehensive and trustworthy text-book is undoubtedly to be regretted. Although, to a man of average cultivated intelligence, the different branches of submarine mining work should present no inordinate difficulty, the number of various duties which the submarine miner is required to understand is very great. No doubt this complication would be overcome by a suitable division of labour, but under the present organization an encyclopædic knowledge of subaquatic defence is expected not only from every officer, but also from a large number of the hands. It is likewise, and unfortunately, but too notorious that the course of instruction for young officers—the only one to which members of the auxiliary services are admitted—comprehensive as it may appear on paper, is more often than not conducted in such a desultory, languid manner as to frustrate the hopes of those who fondly imagined that four months spent at the headquarters of scientific soldiering would result in the knowledge of the theory, at least, and the most necessary elements of submarine mining—this when the class is not abruptly broken up midway, under the pretext of want of accommodation. Under these unsatisfactory conditions the natural refuge of the "keen" officer should be the official text-book, to supplement, indeed in many cases to explain, the "instruction"!

There are, it is true, a few chapters of this extensive subject which must, according to the system now in favour, be held as absolutely confidential, and cannot, therefore, be dealt with in an everyday text-book. But these are really very few, and of the number the large proportion is undoubtedly better known to the probable enemies most interested than to the majority of the defenders. Besides which, the most practical authorities maintain that there is, after all, only one point concerning sub-aquatic defences which it is all-important to keep inviolably secret—namely, the actual plan and arrangements of mine-fields and the preparation in connexion therewith. These, unlike contrivances or mere details of mechanism, which must pass through many hands difficult to control, are always in the sole custody of officers whose discretion can be depended on. But the general information required for the understanding of his work, in all its details, as well as in its broad aspects, should be made as easily accessible to the "submarine miner" as it is to his brethren in the other branches of military engineering.

* *Drill Book for Submarine Miners.* By Major Elliott Black, commanding the Clyde Volunteer Division, Submarine Miners, R.E. Second edition. 1889.

Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare. By Lieutenant Sleeman, late R.N. Second edition. Portsea: Griffin. 1889.

Submarine Mines and Torpedoes as applied to Harbour Defence. By J. T. Bucknill, Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel (late Major R.E.) Reserve of Officers. London: "Engineering" Offices. 1889.

As matters at present stand, the only available sources of information are three books—very different in scope and character—of which two, though written by experienced officers, late of the Royal Navy and of the Royal Engineers respectively, are in every sense extra-official, whilst the third is a compilation by the energetic commandant of the Clyde Volunteer Division of Submarine Miners, for the benefit of his men.

A very tolerable "manual" for all purposes embodying such sea-mining matters as are not of the most unapproachably confidential nature might be compiled by adding to Major Elliott Black's latest *Drill Book for Volunteer Submarine Miners* a compendium of Colonel Bucknill's *Submarine Mines and Torpedoes as applied to Harbour Defence*, and of the new edition of Lieutenant Sleeman's *Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare*.

Sufficient praise can hardly be meted out to the "Drill Book" just noted. It deals in the most terse and systematic manner with the subjects known as Parts I. and II. of the Course of Submarine Mining Instruction; in other words, with the indispensable rudiments of the art—the management of rope, cable and tackle, boat-work, hydraulic testing, electrical jointing, loading and connecting up mines, slinging mines on board, laying out and raising them, signalling, &c. &c. To all this matter, which has been brought strictly up to date, are added chapters on the work of deck-hands, the management of mooring steamers, and the use of the sextant in laying out. Official considerations, besides, no doubt, pride in his own branch of the service, have induced Major Black to address his book solely to the Volunteers; but, unless some better work is issued, which is unlikely, this must remain the only drill book available for all submarine miners, whether regular or auxiliary. It must be, no doubt, the wish of every possessor of this excellent *vade-mecum* that a companion volume may be some day compiled under the same care, dealing in the same practical manner with those subjects of Part III. of the Submarine Mining course which are not officially held as "confidential." This would include a few chapters on electricity; a concise account of electrical units; of the principles of testing, and of the particular methods used in submarine mining; of the electrical "articles of store" employed on shore and on the water; of the production and management of the electric lights; the survey of a mine-field, and the broad principles on which the planning of submarine defence must always rest. To these could with advantage be added an appendix on what may be called the tactics of a mine-field, although the matter can hardly be said to have been yet settled. Such a handbook would, of course, contain but very rudimentary instruction on a very wide subject; nevertheless, though the efficiency of submarine defences naturally depends on circumstances differing widely at different places, its factors everywhere remain the same, and at this moment even a rudimentary handbook for trustworthy reference is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. Thus the great bulk of the men, who may have some day to help in the defence of our numerous harbours, must, until such a work is published, refer for self-instruction to the only two books extant on that important subject—Bucknill's *Harbour Defence* and Sleeman's *Torpedo Warfare*—expensive and bulky treatises, out of which somewhat laborious picking and choosing is requisite in the midst of matter, sometimes useless, sometimes quite beyond the ken of any but highly-trained engineers. The second edition of Lieutenant Sleeman's *Torpedo Warfare* shows in many respects—though but little in its arrangement—considerable improvement on the first, which appeared seven years ago. It of course embodies an account, more or less complete according as the "confidential" consideration is more or less stringent, of every development in the craft since that date. If there be fault to find in a book so full of interest, not only to the general reader—for whom Lieutenant Sleeman seems more particularly to cater—but also to the expert, it is in a want of discrimination in the relative importance as well as, perhaps, an excessive redundancy of the materials dealt with. Owing to the existence, side by side, of the two somewhat different systems of submarine mining used by the Royal Navy and Royal Engineers respectively, the variety of stores in actual use is already extremely large. If to a description of these be added that of many intermediate, now obsolete, forms of mine-cases, of apparatus, electrical and mechanical, &c., an unsatisfactory arrangement cannot fail to supervene, which could have been easily avoided by classing all antiquated matter in a distinct historical chapter, such apparatus and systems as are not adopted by the service in an appendix, and by separating the descriptions of Naval and Royal Engineer stores. In all other respects the book is one which, in spite of the guarded superficiality of its dissertations on instruments sealed by official secrecy, undoubtedly fulfils a useful purpose as a popular treatise.

On the other hand, though Colonel Bucknill's *Submarine Mines and Torpedoes, as applied to Harbour Defence*, covers very much the same ground, it is a work of very different character, and may be defined as a series of disquisitions by an expert for experts. The general sequence of the chapters, which, for the most part, appeared periodically in *Engineering*, is arranged in the order "in which," according to the writer at least, "a scientific subject should be investigated." Theoretical considerations come first, then experiments, and, lastly, practical applications. This, by the way, is the very reverse of the order in which the craft developed itself; but it may be a useful one for the consideration, from a broad point of view, of a subject which has already acquired so considerable a development, and

has also the advantage of giving free scope to purely critical investigation.

Colonel Bucknill, after whose name on the title-page is arrayed a formidable list of appointments in connexion with submarine mining, held during the course of a well-filled life, has a very decided conception of his own of the way in which harbour and roadstead defences should be organized. Perhaps the most interesting criticisms in the whole of his very critical book concern the *personnel* of a submarine mining establishment and the supply of stores. Salient among these is his advocacy of the employment of civilian labour under the direction of Royal Engineer officers. It must be admitted that he has a number of plausible arguments in favour of the plea—one, likely to prove the most telling, being a comparison of the cost of "Sapper labour," which Colonel Bucknill reckons at a shilling per working hour, with that of civilian labour, to be had for fivepence or sixpence. He also urges that the Sapper, under the present system, owing to garrison and other military duties, must, to ensure a continuance of work at any time, always be interchangeable, has to be taught a little of everything, and consequently can with difficulty become master of any particular department; whereas each gang of hired labourers may reasonably be expected, "what is far better, to know a good deal about a little."

The current of military opinion, however, will, no doubt, long remain in the present direction—namely, that, submarine mining being a military operation, must be carried out in a military manner—and there are reasons far more weighty than a plea of economy to be urged in its support. The mere mention of the word "strike" will, no doubt, suffice to show the impracticability of depending entirely on men subject to no other influence than the fluctuations of the labour market for a work which at critical periods will demand the most absolute discipline, not to speak of self-sacrifice and patriotic ardour.

With regard to his second objection, much could be done to increase the efficiency and decrease the cost of the work by localizing the submarine mining companies, once for all, so as to give each man a chance of acquiring the all-important knowledge of the local peculiarities of the waters which have to be mined.

On other subjects Colonel Bucknill speaks with warrantable authority, and we believe much good would result from the adoption of some of his advice.

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES.*

Our Journey to the Hebrides is a reprint of the papers whose original appearance in *Harper's Magazine* excited a lively controversy, now happily forgotten. We shall not attempt to stir the embers of this strife; in Mr. W. Black's words, "We decline to discuss the Crofter question with—Mr. and Mrs. Pennell." Their trip, apart from the Crofters, seems to have been an almost unalloyed failure throughout. The spirit in which it was undertaken will appear from the artless narrative with which the book begins:—

We never looked forward to a pleasure trip with so much misery as we did to our journey to the Hebrides. We wanted a holiday.

"Go to Scotland," suggested the editor of *Harper's*.

"Let us rather wander through unexplored France," we proposed, in a long letter, though we had already explored it for ourselves more than once.

"Scotland would be better" was the answer in a short note.

"But why not let us discover unknown Holland?" we asked, as if it had not been discovered a hundred times already.

"Scotland would be better" was still the answer, and so to Scotland we went.

It was a country about which we cared little, and knew less. . . . We recalled the friendly peasants of France and Italy, and bated the very name of Scotland.

Besides the unpromising frame of mind in which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell began their Scotch tour, they still further contributed to its failure by making it a walking tour—their first walking tour—and their last:—

Day after day we were dispirited, disheartened, and only happy when we were not walking. . . . J.—'s knapsack weighed between twenty-five and thirty pounds; mine, fifteen. Never before have I so appreciated the true significance of Christian's burden. Our feet were blistered, and ached at every step. Our shoulders were sorely strained. The things which we said are best not written. When the coach passed, and until it was out of sight, we made a feint of not being tired. But the rest of the way we now grew eloquent in abuse, now limped along in gloomy silence.

When we add to all this that the rain rained every day all day long, or nearly so, we think that we have sufficiently explained how it was that the travellers were so discontented, and how natural their fellow-feeling was for any one with a grievance. It is interesting to learn that "if Iona lay so near American shores, it would long since have become a Bar Harbor or a Campo Bello"; also that, "if anybody wants to know what Mull's like in summer, all they've got to do is to go to a New Jersey pine barren when an equinoctial's on." We would fain hope that it was owing to the fact that, as they pathetically put it, "our walks had been long; we were tired physically, and sick mentally," that they seem to have made themselves astoundingly disagreeable, refusing their Mull landlady's proffered "stirrup-cup," offending a hospitable old clergyman by speaking insultingly of the Queen, and telling an enthusiastic Scot that, "if

* *Our Journey to the Hebrides*. By Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

you were to put a top upon Ben Nevis, it might make a fairly decent mountain."

Yet in spite of growls and politics, inability to enter into "the stupid romance of Scott and the sickly sentiment of Landseer," and speculations as to what might happen in the Hebrides "if the Highlands were represented by eighty-five members all wanting Home Rule," the book, when read in a warm, dry place, is not by any means unamusing, perhaps upon the Lucretian principle. The following extract describes their visit to the Quiraing, in Skye:—

The guide-book says the Quiraing cannot be described; I am sure I cannot describe it, for the simple reason that I did not see it. At first I was too much taken up with trying not to kill myself; when the climbing was a little less dangerous, and I looked about me, there was nothing to be seen. The mist had hidden the top of the rocks and was rolling down fast towards us. J— was very anxiously looking at the guide-book and at the sea. Suddenly he seized me, and pulled me panting, behind him, over boulders, through bracken, down a hill as steep as a house, in our hurry starting avalanches of stones. Then he jumped into the bed of a stream, down which we rushed up to our knees in water, to the loch at the bottom. It was a mad flight. But by this time we could not see our hands before us.

"I am half dead," said I.

"If you don't come on we'll both be dead," said J—.

And just then, more by good luck than good management, we found ourselves on a road.

The mist seems to have got into the illustrations, which are blurred and foggy beyond measure—a little mistiness might have been well, to give local colour; but there is too much of it—except in the drawing of the transept in Iona Cathedral, which is quite distinct and very nicely drawn. This is one of the few "unprocessed" illustrations; and there is genuine humour, of a sort, in the almost Bewickian sketches of the two cloaked and hooded figures tramping through the rain, or attempting to picnic in it. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell certainly did not have a "good time" in the Hebrides.

PATIENCE.*

THOSE unfortunate people who have to spend long winter evenings alone, and require a pastime, whether simply for amusement, or as a relaxation from sterner studies, could receive no better Christmas present than the volume of *Patience Games* by "Cavendish," just issued. To a nephew anxious to propitiate a maiden aunt from whom he has expectations it will be a perfect godsend; if he wishes to make sure of realizing his hopes, he has only to spend a little time on preliminary study of the volume, so as to be able to explain a few of the games to his relative, who might otherwise be appalled at the prospect of having to master upwards of two hundred quarto pages crammed with hieroglyphs and diagrams. To some people it may appear condescension on the part of the author of standard treatises on such games as whist, piquet, and *écarté* to come down to a one-handed game like *Patience*; but "Cavendish" evidently considers it as worthy as others of scientific demonstration. He dismisses with contempt, and declines even to include in his volume, all *Patiences* depending on mere chance, which, therefore, do not present any mental problem. All forms of the game have this much in common, that they require the player to obtain complete sequences by dealing, moving, or taking the cards in accordance with certain rules. "Cavendish" classes the games under two heads:—(1) Those which present an indefinite problem for solution; in these, only a portion of the pack is dealt to depôts, the remainder forming a stock which is concealed from view; and (2) those which present a definite problem for solution, by reason that the whole pack is dealt to depôts, or that a view of all the cards is permitted. A few nondescript forms are admitted at the end of the volume, which are evidently regarded by the author with less favour, for he classes them as trick and puzzle *Patiences*. The three pages of definitions and the five pages of introductory matter which follow them require careful study, as they apply more or less to all the varieties of the game subsequently noticed, and until these preliminaries have been thoroughly mastered, it is useless to try to comprehend the games, much less to follow out the problems involved in them. It is first necessary to get a clear idea of the principal terms peculiar to the game. The cards as removed from the stock are disposed of in four different ways, being placed either on foundations, depôts, spaces, or on the rubbish-heap. The foundations are the places assigned to the sequences, whether not yet commenced, or in process of completion. The depôts are the places, limited in number, assigned to the cards dealt out, which the player does not use at once on the foundations or consign to the rubbish-heap. A space is said to be left when a depôt becomes unoccupied in consequence of all the cards on it having been moved elsewhere. The rubbish-heap is composed of cards dealt from the stock, and not utilized on foundations, depôts, or spaces. It is important to bear in mind the distinction between taking a card and moving it. A card is said to be *moved* when it is transferred from one depôt to another or to a space, or from the rubbish-heap to a depôt or space, or from one foundation to another; but a card is only considered as *taken* when it is securely placed in sequence on a foundation, whether by dealing from the pack or by transfer from a depôt or the rubbish-heap.

In the old-fashioned, and probably best-known form of *Patience*, which consisted merely of four foundations and four depôts, the player was not allowed to look at any of the underneath cards in the depôts or to shift the cards from one depôt to another. This form of the game was one of almost pure chance, aided slightly by recollecting what cards were already covered up and where—that is to say, that the exercise of memory gave it the only element of play that it possessed. To show how radically "Cavendish's" games of *Patience* differ from this, it is only necessary to point out that in all of them it is permissible at any time to spread out and examine the cards in the depôts and in the rubbish-heap, though not, of course, those as yet undealt from the stock. "Cavendish" disdainfully says, "*Patience* is not a game of memory." He allows, and in fact recommends, the dealer to hold the stock face upwards so that the top card can be seen; partly on the ground of convenience, as saving a turn of the wrist every time that a card is dealt; but chiefly on the avowed ground of its giving the player the advantage of seeing one more card before he decides where to lay that which he has just lifted. It is never obligatory to take or move a card if, in the judgment of the player, it had better remain where it is; and, in moving a series of sequence cards, some may be taken from one depôt and some from another. The tactics for filling spaces to the best advantage are very clearly explained, but are difficult to convey without the aid of diagrams; most of the play, in fact, depends on instant advantage being taken when a space can be gained by judicious manipulation. For some of these vantage points "Cavendish" has been able to lay down rules for the play proper to be observed. For instance, he shows that with two spaces, a sequence in one depôt, and a card in sequence on the top of another, four cards can be moved and another space obtained; and, again, if there be three spaces, a sequence of eight cards can be moved on to a sequence card in another depôt, and another space thereby gained. These, and two other examples given in detail of the best moves for filling spaces are well worth studying, as they will often occur in almost all of the games.

The bulk of the volume is taken up by detailed instructions for the different games. For each "Cavendish" gives a page of diagrams, showing the number and arrangement of the respective foundations and depôts, the cards being depicted with their proper colours and pips in the style adopted by him in his well-known treatises on whist and other games of cards. Some idea of the problem involved and of the merits of the particular game may thus be gained by a mere glance at the diagram. On the page opposite are placed the rules, followed by an example, together with its solution, in which every move is given by a concise system of coloured notation. Next come some hints for play, with especial reference to the game under consideration; and, lastly, there is generally a *Patience Problem*, accompanied by the notation for its solution. Some of these are very intricate, and indeed can only be won by means of a *merci*; i.e. a privilege accorded to the player of violating a rule of the *Patience*. Nothing could be more complete or self-contained than these instructions; any one can teach himself any of the games by a close study of these precepts with a pack of cards in his hand. "Cavendish" recommends that when a player has made himself conversant with the rules of a *Patience*, he should set himself an exercise, by playing the Example without looking at the Solution; should he fail to win, the Hints will generally show him the reason; by playing the example again, after a study of the Hints, he will generally succeed. The variety of games given is very great; of those of the first category, presenting indefinite problems, there are twenty different forms, while of the second, which involve definite problems, there are fourteen. Some are played with one ordinary pack, some with two; others require a piquet pack, or even as many as four of them. The combinations and arrangements which differentiate one game from another are exceedingly ingenious and effective; various countries appear to have been laid under contribution in order to make the assemblage as diverse as possible; *Le carré Napoléon*, and one or two others, have evidently been borrowed from across the Channel; while the *Ohio Cut* indicates a Transatlantic origin. The difficulties encountered are, of course, of different degrees of intensity; in some games it is only necessary to form four ascending sequences irrespective of suit, while in others you must follow suit. In the "Windmill" four ascending sequences have to be formed, irrespective of suit, and then a similar pile of four descending sequences. In the "Junction," played with four piquet packs, there have to be sixteen ascending sequences following suit. A variety, called the "Frame," looks complicated enough to drive one wild. Twelve cards, in three rows of four each, form the *Picture*; then fourteen cards are dealt round it as depôts, forming the *Frame*; four aces are taken as foundations, and the problem is to make on these four ascending sequences, following suit, and on them four descending sequences, following the same suit in each pile. The complication will be appreciated by the consideration that it takes four pages in double column of abbreviated notation to demonstrate the solution. In the class presenting indefinite problems there is considerable latitude for the exercise of judgment—that is to say, the game may be won in a number of different ways; but when we come to the games which present only definite problems the requirements are much more strict. In these "Cavendish" says there is no middle course, judgment does not enter into them, only calculation. Either it is right to play a certain card in a certain way, or it is not, and

* *Patience Games; with Examples and Diagrams.* By "Cavendish." London: De la Rue & Co. 1890.

the proper method depends entirely on analysis. A failure to solve a possible problem is due merely to want of analytical power. Few people probably will care, or, indeed, be able, to puzzle out these definite Patiences; "Cavendish" admits that they are so involved as to necessitate a lengthy inspection and a long mental trial before taking or moving a card.

A welcome relaxation after these abstruse calculations will be found in the Trick and Puzzle Patiences at the end of the volume. Some of them are exceedingly pretty, and like most tricks, though they appear to be very difficult, they are very easy *when you know them*. They are adapted either for playing by oneself as puzzles, or for showing off as tricks; when employed in this latter way the ingenious hints given by "Cavendish" for diverting attention from the main issue should be carefully mastered. The volume concludes with three Patience Squares—the Sixteen, the Thirty-six, and the Sixty-four Squares—in which the problem is to arrange those several numbers of cards in certain defined order in the form of a square; these games bear a close analogy to the little puzzles formed of numbered blocks of wood, which were so popular a few years ago. There is plenty of amusement, as well as plenty of serious mental exercise to be extracted from "Cavendish's" Games of Patience; the excellence of its printing, aided by the precision of the illustrative diagrams, will render it a most acceptable gift to any one with a turn of mind for working out ingenious, if somewhat complicated, puzzles.

SINGLE VOLUMES.*

PIPPA PASSES diluted with many parts of "allaying Thames" to one of Robert Browning's fruitful wine, and then again reduced, until the heroine's contemporaries are suited with something fitted, ethically and intellectually, for their powers; such is the motive of Mrs. Walford's *Sage of Sixteen*. The schoolgirl in question is almost as much misnamed as would have been the little Italian with her holiday ballads. But by her mere simplicity and unworldliness she rebukes and reforms mundane relatives of all ages, stimulates the thoughtful, confirms the virtuous, and, in a word, achieves more than is probable. The story is, nevertheless, of the mildest interest throughout, combining the ready-made with the unconvincing in a manner peculiar to the minor fiction of the day. If the greater writers succeed in presenting probable and natural things with the effectual surprise of facts experienced, the lesser achieve the converse, and force the unresisting events to issues disproportionate, but never very astonishing. A very large part of Mrs. Walford's story is filled by the events of a Botanical Gardens fête, as they affect young girls in the school-and-governess stage of their lives. True, the sage of sixteen ceases to be sixteen before the story closes, and perfects her little apostolate in the character of a lover; but the volume is almost absorbed by things belonging to the half-grown girl—kindnesses to be done to shabby friends, amusements devised for less fortunate schoolfellows, and the rest of a trivial round very pleasantly chronicled. It would have been well for the illustrator to read his text more carefully—no disagreeable task; for he has taken liberties with the girls' hats, against the author's manifest hints, and has crowded the Duchess of Merton's carriage also in disregard of the chronicle.

Cousin Ned is a story so fresh, and so liberally filled with the author's vitality, that every reader capable of appreciating work moved by real impulses will learn with regret, from the preface, that its author wrote her last book last year, and that this is posthumously published after lying long among MSS. she had not resolved upon giving to the world. The persons to whose fortunes the story relates are certainly not such as need very great force in the conception; their value is that they are conceived and not adopted, and that they are nurtured with the best the author has to give them. Life is not so common a quality in novels that we should be tempted to ask for life more interesting or significant than is set before us. And it happens in this case, moreover, that one or two characters of small charm or importance are those in which the labour-saving ways of novelists have the least share. The story opens with very moderate promise. A Presbyterian Scottish interior is no fresh or attractive ground, whether we are led to it in the rather sickly spirit of sympathy of the late Mrs. Craik, or in the attitude of observation and protest adopted by Mr. Black in his freshest novel, *A Daughter of Heth*. But Miss Gray loses no time before she persuades us that Mr. Hamilton is the head of a family every importunate child of which has an insistent and persistent individuality; while he and his wife, and he and the preachers of his Church, have relations which, however remote they may happily be from our experience, are recognizable at a touch as within the experience of men and women speaking our language. Winnie Maxwell's position with regard to a mother less adult and responsible than herself, and to unnecessary sisters,

bears some slight reminiscence of Gwendolen Harleth's career at home. But there is no imitation; Mrs. Hamilton is distinct and separate from her kind to the very last glimpse we have of her.

In *Jonathan Merle* it is to be presumed that the author intended to give to young people not encouraged to read the novels of the world a solid book that would take industrious reading. The quantity contained in the story is exceptional. It treats from within of the affairs of a Wesleyan congregation in the West of England, and takes so much for granted in the Wesleyan manner of looking at things, ecclesiastical and other, as to get an interest of its own. If Miss Bayly had wasted some of her own simple energy in instructing her readers as to the habits of thought and feeling accumulated and inherited by the people amongst whom she takes us, we should have a less friendly sense of welcome in her farms and chapels. As it is, we are conscious of our own strangeness, but the consciousness is deprived of all discomfort by our conviction that every one in these homesteads is quite at ease in our intruding presence. We find them uninterrupted in their mid-career of sermons, of privations, of speculation as to the land tenure, of the various efforts in aspiring and spiritual, but not liberal, self-culture made by their ministers in the comparative leisure of such lives. The provincialism is intense, but it is rustic and not distressing. And the author deserves praise for the unconsciousness, almost as respectable as a child's, with which she takes all the mental conditions of her provincialism and her Wesleyanism for granted. The one or two conventional persons in the book are introduced from another society. Jonathan's history takes the form of a biography rather than of a mere tale. He is a Carlyle- and Emerson-reading preacher, for whom a wife of corresponding character is found in a manner not without interest. There is nothing unintelligent in the story, and the social questions discussed are up to date, and something more than a shape of words.

Mrs. Marshall's new story is, as were its predecessors, moderately improving reading for the girls of ordinary unlitary temperament to whom it is addressed. The language makes temporary and tentative attempts at the character of the speech of the seventeenth century; but how far the author has stopped short of the task of transposition in regard to habits of feeling may be judged from her heroine's records of the "church in the garden that suddenly burst into a song of thanksgiving," and the butterflies that "flitted past," and the "tell-tale blood that rushed to her face," with other modernities. George Herbert plays a part in the story, and much of his verse decorates pages that do not lack signs of conscientious reading-up in the matters clerical of the time.

Mr. John Cahill has found a good scene in the yet unhackneyed ground of Cornish mining-land, and he evidently knows well the people, once "industrial," then altogether converted to pilchards. The unsentimental ruins of abandoned tin-mines, with their little chimneys, their small pent-house, and their fern-covered "hole," doubtless record many a various human experience; and the story made by the author of *Wheat Certainty*, for one of them, is worth the telling and not ill told. He would have done better not to quote the anonymous bard who rhymes "horny" with "spawny" on one of the earlier pages of the book, for he does better in describing sea-life, human or fishy, for himself. Talk in an alehouse parlour has in modern fiction precedents so rich that happy is the author who can add anything not altogether unworthy of the record. Mr. Cahill seems to us to have done so in the conversation of his Cornishmen discussing the "wishtness" (ghost) at the Moor House. He shows more than the usual novelistic lavishness in sacrificing elderly life to the fortunes of young lovers. The most convincing passages of the story relate to the coffin-ship and to other things, purely marine, of gayer character. Not so much can be said for Miss Kenyon's *Stranger Artist*, the leit-motif of which is a dull little metaphor about sunshine and shadowland, which "repeats" weakly and wearisomely throughout the book. Art has unluckily made its way into these harmless pages, and the atmospheric effects in question are suggested by the studies in landscape of a person who, having made up his mind that he will paint the Academy picture of the year, paints it accordingly with a triumph beyond record. Nor is literature neglected. The heroine has her commonplace ambitions in painting, but her mind undergoes improvement all round. Like the many thousand heroines of the common little novels of this quarter of a century, she has literary relations with the Elaine of the *Idylls*. Like too many young women of the actual world, she reads "first Emerson, then Carlyle, and, for a change, Lewis Morris." But even of humour so vacantly unconscious, *The Stranger Artist* has no more than this one instance.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.*

IN writing a history of the various peoples subject to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, M. Leger has accomplished a feat of no small difficulty. His task would have been far simpler if he had followed the plan adopted by Coxe, and had treated his

* *A History of Austro-Hungary, from the Earliest Time to the year 1888*. By Louis Leger, Hon. Professor in the School of Oriental Languages, Professor in the College of France, &c. Translated from the French by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill; with a Preface by Edward A. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

* *A Sage of Sixteen*. By L. B. Walford. London: Spencer Blackett & Hallam.

Cousin Ned. By Louisa M. Gray. Glasgow: David Bryce & Son.

Jonathan Merle. By Elizabeth Boyd Bayly. London: Jarrold & Sons.

Under Salisbury Spire. By Emma Marshall. London: Seeley & Co.

Wheat Certainty. By John Cahill. London: Ward & Downey.

The Stranger Artist. By Edith C. Kenyon. London: Roper & Drowley.

subject solely in its relation to the House of Hapsburg, had taken up the story of each people at the point at which it was first brought under the Austrian power, and had shown how it became a part of the Austrian State, and what place it holds in the dual monarchy. This plan has much to recommend it. In the first place, it imparts unity to the author's work, and further gives special prominence to the means by which the successive rulers of Austria have acquired their heterogeneous dominions. On the other hand, M. Leger's method has peculiar advantages: for it sets before his readers the outlines of the whole story of each people now included in the Empire and Kingdom. It would, no doubt, be extremely hard to write an interesting book on this plan, and we have found his History somewhat heavy reading. His narrative is necessarily broken up into fragments; it is too closely packed, and generally lacks central figures. His translator has done her work satisfactorily, and, while keeping close to her author's text, has rendered it into correct, though rather lifeless, English.

Although the Slavs, as M. Leger points out, at one time occupied Europe "from Holstein to the Peloponnesus," they had no political organization, and scarcely showed any tendency towards union; for though Svatopluk, who reigned in Moravia, immediately after the evangelization of the country, made himself master of wide dominions, they fell apart at his death. Slavonic unity was rendered impossible by the invasion of the Magyars, who parted asunder the Northern and Southern Slavs. After giving a succinct account of the Magyar States under the kings of the race of Arpad, M. Leger records the history of Bohemia under the Premyslide dynasty, which attained its greatest power during the reign of Otokar II. The overthrow of Otokar by Rudolph of Hapsburg was soon followed by the extinction of the line of native kings, and from that time onwards the Czechs have scarcely ever had a sovereign of their own race. While their kingdom, which from the beginning of the eleventh century included the marchland of Moravia, lay outside the German realm, it seems to have been subject to Imperial superiority. M. Leger, who is strongly anti-German in feeling, disputes this doctrine, and contends that the tribute which Bohemia paid to the Emperor merely signified the existence of "an international treaty," and that when a Bohemian King voted at an Imperial election, he did so in virtue of a purely personal privilege. Bohemia contained large colonies of Germans, and all the trade of the country was in their hands. German influence increased rapidly after the extinction of the Premyslides, and during the reign of John of Luxemburg "a report was spread abroad that the King intended to drive all Chekhs out of the kingdom and people it with foreigners." The favour which Charles IV. showed to the Czechs so strengthened their feeling of nationality that when after his death the German yoke pressed heavily upon them, a revolution became inevitable. It "broke out in the world of religious ideas, and John Hus was its hero." While the Hussites were successful in the field, they were weakened by discord, and the religious and political results of the movement were scarcely so great as might have been expected from the efforts which it called forth. Yet it delayed for a long time "the Germanizing of the country," and left it with "a vigorous national vitality, a religious enthusiasm, and an austere morality which we find reflected in some of her writers." During the remainder of its independent political existence the history of Bohemia turned on the strife of religious parties. The ability and courage of George of Podiebrad for a time restored order to his country, which was distracted by the hatreds of contending sects and by the turbulence of the nobles; after his death the decay of the kingdom was rapid. Its decadence seems, in some measure at least, to have been due to the fact that the Czechs, in common with the Slavs generally, have no genius for political organization or government. The position held by Bohemia under its early Hapsburg kings, who were also Roman Emperors, is well marked. A curious parallel may be drawn, and is suggested here, between the Bohemian policy of Rudolph II., as regards its bearing on the insurrection which broke out in the reign of Mathias, and the favour shown by Charles IV. to the Czechs, which led to an awakening of the national feeling manifested in the Hussite revolt. The insurrection, which began with the defenestration of Prague, was severely punished; the Bohemian Constitution was abolished, and the kingdom was reduced to absolute subjection.

M. Leger's two chapters on the dismemberment of Hungary after the defeat at Mohács, the succession and policy of the Transylvanian princes, the expulsion of the Ottomans, and the reconciliation of Hungary to the House of Austria, present a remarkably clear summary of a series of rather obscure events. The history of the present century is treated with much care. An important stage in the constitutional progress of Hungary is marked by the Convocation of the Diet in 1825. Among the deputies was Francis Deák, then a young advocate, to whose wisdom and perseverance his countrymen justly attribute the independence of their country. Public opinion soon gained weight, and after the national language was allowed in the debates of the Diet, grew rapidly into importance. Kossuth helped forward, and took advantage of, this change, and appealed to the nation at large by publishing Magyar newspapers, and delivering eloquent addresses of an inflammatory tendency, while Deák, with sounder political intelligence, laid down a series of well-considered propositions concerning the position of the kingdom, to serve as a programme for the efforts of the Opposition. The revolutionary movements in the Austrian Empire of 1848-49

failed mainly through race jealousies. In Bohemia the Germans thwarted the aspirations of the Czechs, and "would have willingly given up one half the kingdom to the Hungarians, if by doing so they could have secured a dominant position in the other." Jelacic, the ban of Croatia, who came forward as the champion of Croat nationality, was employed by the Emperor against the Hungarians, and a little later assisted Windischgratz to reduce Vienna. In Hungary the war was brought to an end by the intervention of the Czar, who assumed the character of the natural protector of the Slavs against the Magyars. The Hungarians, however, had made it evident that no stable government could be established in the Empire without their goodwill, and when Austria lost Venetia and was excluded from the German Confederation their opportunity at last came, for the Emperor was forced to find a basis of power within the limits of his Empire. Accordingly he willingly acted on the advice of Count Beust, and allowed him to enter into negotiations with the Hungarian Diet; he recognized "the political individuality of Hungary by giving to her a separate Ministry, and the continuity of her historical rights, by being crowned" with the crown of St. Stephen. The *Ausgleich* of 1867, which established the dual monarchy and guarantees the independence and privileges of Hungary, was the result of the "obstinate wisdom" of Deák, who, though he took no part in the revolution, had never ceased to press the claims of his country. This agreement divided the empire into two parts, the kingdom of Hungary and the countries represented in the Reichsrath, the other dominions of the Emperor, and has left the non-Magyar peoples, with the exception of the Croats, who have since obtained a responsible ministry at Pesth, without self-government. It is, therefore, regarded with dissatisfaction by the Czechs, and they have constantly urged their right to be placed in the same position as the Hungarians. M. Leger records the attempt of Count Hohenwart in 1871 to carry out a policy of federation. The scheme was exceedingly distasteful to the Germans and Magyars, for it would have put an end to their supremacy, and the Emperor, who had promised to satisfy the demands of the Bohemians, found himself obliged to withdraw from his engagement.

Professor Freeman, who has written a preface to this volume, is indignant because the Czechs have not yet obtained their demands. In what he says both on this and on some other matters he appears to forget that political questions must be decided by expediency rather than by sentiment or historical memory. The claims of the Czechs, who have certainly never shown any genius for government, affect the interests of the Empire as a whole, and these interests are not, as he would have us believe, merely the interests of the reigning House. If the erection of Bohemia into a separate kingdom would tend to weaken the Empire in the face of formidable neighbours, if it would occasion internal discord and impede its administration, the Czechs must for the present rest content with the liberal Government under which they live. The recent declaration of the Emperor has, of course, disappointed the national party, whose hopes had been unduly raised by the liberal policy adopted by Count Taaffe; but they will, we believe, recognize its wisdom, for, as M. Leger says, neither the "Old Czechs" nor the more Radical "New Czechs" dream of severing the ties which bind their country to the rest of the Austro-Hungarian State, and they must, therefore, acknowledge an identity of interest between themselves and the Imperial Government. Other pages of the preface are devoted to expounding the obvious facts that there is no Austrian nation, and that the Emperor is not a Roman Emperor, to small sneers at the Empire, and to a somewhat stale complaint against the Austrian Government for preventing a newspaper Correspondent, while living under its protection, from sending to his employers accounts of domestic matters which were calculated to embarrass its position and injure it in the eyes of foreigners. Professor Freeman considers that the map of Europe will not be arranged satisfactorily as long as Southern Slavs and Roumans are included in the dominions of the Emperor-King. He desires to see the Roumans of Transylvania severed from Hungary, "whose people do all they can to wipe out their national being," and joined to the "free Rouman kingdom beyond the border," and would have Bosnia and Herzegovina added to Servia and Montenegro, and he declares that he is amazed that "many who rejoiced each time that the Austrian was driven out of Milan and Venice, look quite calmly on his continued occupation of Ragusa and Cattaro." We need not waste our space by proving that the two cases are different, or explaining why we, along with most people who are capable of forming a rational opinion on such matters, can, while rejoicing in the freedom and union of Italy, regard the presence of the Austrian at Ragusa with unbroken serenity, and will only observe that the preservation of the peace of Europe is far more to be desired than the gratification of the national sentiments of the Southern Slavs by any addition to States which are at present more or less under the influence of the most aggressive, as well as the most despotic, of European Powers. The race jealousies, about which M. Leger tells us so much, afford an obvious reason why we should wish that the Austro-Hungarian Government may continue sufficiently strong and stable to carry out the work, which it recognizes as its mission, of binding together the various people included in the dominions of the Emperor-King, and of aiding to keep the peace in South-Eastern Europe.

BOOKS IN SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.*

MR. A. H. BULLEN has brought himself to this point with competent students of literature that when they see a book edited by him they say, "Here is a good book." We do not always agree with Mr. Bullen's criticism—for instance, we are sorry to see that he has followed Mr. Swinburne to do ill in depreciating Ben Jonson's lyrics. It is true that Mr. Bullen is less decisive than the most decisive of contemporary critics. He only thinks Ben wants "natural magic," and we all know what he means, and agree with him up to a certain point. But, if it be so, Ben has preternatural magic; he wrestles with and conquers what nature would not give him. Even putting aside the famous things which have intoxicated every capable reader of poetry for half a dozen and more generations—the "Drink to me only," which, if we had his own affidavit and those of six peers of the realm stating it not to be his, we should know to be his, and the rest—the *Sad Shepherd* by itself contains lyric enough of the most mirific quality to put down all but the best, and to vie with them. But it is easy to understand how Mr. Bullen, who has rediscovered so much exquisite matter of other kinds, should be a little hard on Ben, who, if he is Campion's equal in another kind, cannot touch Campion in his own. This book, it ought to be unnecessary to say, contains no small proportion of the most charming things in English. Mr. Bullen—who is not as some curmudgeons—does justice to his predecessor, Robert Bell, whose *Songs from the Dramatists* does honour to an age which had yet hardly awaked to the merits of the subject. But his own is far fuller, and his limitations make it far more homogeneous. We have always ourselves had a tendency to fall into an ecstasy before the last couplet of the opening piece, the hackneyed "Cupid and my Campaspe":—

Oh! love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

You cannot beat that; you cannot match it, save in its likes, the principal and best things in poetry. And of these principal and best things there are scores in this little volume. We are positively afraid to begin criticizing, or rather (since no criticism is necessary or possible), commenting on it in detail, for we should never leave off. It is simply a charming book.

Students of Elizabethan literature are very much obliged to Dr. Sommer for reproducing in facsimile, and in a remarkably handsome form, the original edition of the "new poet" (ah! how different from some new poets whom this age has seen!) that burst upon the English world three hundred and ten years ago and heralded English literature in the proper sense. Of such a monument men cannot take too much care; and, though we own that we have no extraordinary weakness for facsimiles and such like things, we make an exception here. As to the introduction which Dr. Sommer has thought fit to prefix, we fear we must speak somewhat differently. The most careful philological studies do not make a man a critic; though, no doubt, it is not well for the critic to neglect careful philological studies. And when Dr. Sommer, following some Germans and a few Englishmen, undertakes to prove to us that "E. K." was Spenser himself, we can only reply, "Not Proven." Observe that we do not say that "E. K." was not Spenser; though, if he was, we should think considerably less of Spenser. Observe, likewise, that we do not say that "E. K." was Kirke; which, indeed, no man who understands evidence can say. But what we do say is briefly this:—Kirke existed; he was a fellow-collegian of Spenser's; and it would have been very Elizabethan for him to do what he has been presumed to have done. If he did not do it, and Spenser did, then Spenser was a meticulous self-puffer, a prig, a bad critic, and numerous other things which we should all be sorry to find him. Dr. Sommer has produced not a single argument of the slightest value to prove the identity. The one which he seems to think final, that "E. K." says the famous Sardanapalian distich "may be translated" in very nearly the same words which Spenser himself claims in a letter to Gabriel Harvey,

* *Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo.

The Shepherdes Calender. By Edmund Spenser. Reproduced in facsimile, with an Introduction by H. Oskar Sommer. London: Nimmo.

God in Shakespeare. By Clelia. London: Fisher Unwin.

Evenings with Shakespeare. By L. M. Griffiths. Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin & Marshall.

Shakespeare's True Life. By James Walter. London: Longmans & Co.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline. Edited by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. Revised and adapted for the Use of Schools by H. Ingleby. London: Trübner.

Shakespeare's The Tempest. *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*. Edited by K. Deighton. London: Macmillan & Co.

Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, &c. Edited by W. Bell. London: Macmillan & Co.

Twelfth Night. Edited by H. H. Crawley. London: Rivingtons.

Famous Elizabethan Plays. By H. M. Fitzgibbon. London: W. H. Allen.

Introduction to Shakespeare. By Hiram Corson. Boston (Mass.): Heath.

Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poesy. Edited by T. Arnold. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

Antony and Cleopatra. Edited by H. Morley. London: Cassell.

Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. Edited by H. Breyman. Heilbronn: Henninger.

is worthless. "E. K." does not claim the version for himself; and the whole tenor of the notes shows that whoever wrote them was hand in glove with Spenser and Harvey, and had access to Spenser's papers. All this, however, only comes to the proposition that philologists are not necessarily critics—*quod non erat demonstrandum*.

We never had even the faintest doubt that God was in Shakespeare; we are not so sure that He is in "Clelia." This excellent lady, it would seem, was put upon her Shakspearian studies by the fact of discovering a colon in the 1623 folio. If it had been a mark of interrogation, *actum esset de republica*; but, as it was, "a core of light shone" just all over the place. And the rest of the book is answerable to this remarkable beginning.

Of Mr. Griffiths's book we have such a good opinion that, were it not shame to conceal our principles, we could almost be content not to remark that we do not like Shakspeare Societies, and that we think all "Evenings with Shakspeare" had much better be Evenings with Shakspeare and nobody else. We might, if we were evil-minded, point out that, though Mr. Griffiths utters the noblest and soundest opinions about commentators, the influence of Societies (he is the secretary of one) is too strong for him also, and he sometimes talks folly. On the whole, however, he has simply provided a large amount of commentatorial matter, some of it invaluable, much of it valuable, very little of it useless, and all of it well arranged and handsomely got up.

To have composed one of the very handsomest books ever written about Shakspeare is something; nay, 'tis much. Almost every page of Major Walter's large volume (nay, we shall risk the danger of universals and say every page) is adorned with one or more sketches, very well drawn and very well produced, of Shakspearian localities, &c.; and these illustrations would of themselves make the book an almost indispensable addition to every Shakspearian library. The text consists of a sort of running dissertation on these and other matters, sometimes a little, or more than a little, discursive, but evidently animated throughout with love of the subject. But Major Walter has not thoroughly broken himself to that doubtless tedious part of an author's business, the revision of his proofs. Mr. Halliwell Philipps is called "Halliwell Philipps," a mistake the more remarkable that naturally enough he is constantly referred to.

A cheap and useful edition of the greatest of all poets has been provided in Messrs. Warner's *Universal Shakespeare*, which, with the omission of line countings, &c., is very like the "Globe" and somewhat cheaper.

We gave due notice when it first appeared to the late Dr. Ingleby's, on the whole, excellent edition of *Cymbeline*. It has now appeared in a plainer and somewhat altered form well fitted for school use.

Three volumes of the useful series of English classics edited for Indian students, and published by Messrs. Macmillan, have appeared. Mr. Deighton is as good in dealing with *The Tempest* and with *Twelfth Night* as we have found him before. And if we do not give quite such unqualified praise to Mr. Bell, it is because we do not like his overloading of text with notes. Milton is a writer who invites, and perhaps needs, comment, and Mr. Bell's comment is generally sound. But are not a hundred and forty pages of note to thirty-five of text a little excessive? Another edition, good, but not quite so good (a little *bête* sometimes), has appeared of *Twelfth Night* by H. H. Crawley.

Full fathom deep the well-intentioned Bowdler lies; yet where his bones are being corralized he may rejoice to hear that some one has arisen to continue his task. Mr. Fitzgibbon has undertaken to play the priest of Cybele to Dekker's *Shoemakers' Holiday*, to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, to Ben's *Epicene*, to Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, to Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, and to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, trimming them with ruthless knife for drawing-room appearance and reading parties. Possibly he, *cum semiviro comitatu*, will be welcome there; but we rather doubt it, and do not greatly hope it. Nor, with the exception of Nos. 4 and 6, do we think the selection of the victims good.

Professor Hiram Corson's idea of an introduction is rather peculiar. As such things have happened before now to professors, we shall not, we hope, be deemed uncharitable if we suggest that the various divisions (they cannot be called chapters) of the book give the idea of the heads of separate and disconnected lectures or courses of lectures. We have a few remarks on Shakspeare in general, a note on Shaconism, another on the authenticity of the First Folio, others on the Chronology of the Plays, their versification, the use of verse and prose in them, and the Latin and Anglo-Saxon elements in their language. After this half a dozen separate essays on as many different plays follow, some jottings on the text of *Hamlet* (of course), some frankly miscellaneous notes, and (in the Table of Contents, but not in the copy sent us) "Examination Questions." All this might fairly enough be called "Shakspeariana," or "Notes on Shakspeare," or something else of that kind; but hardly an Introduction. Of the matter as distinguished from the method we can speak a little, though not much, better. Professor Corson has evidently studied his subject, which is good, and the writers about his subject, which is no particular ill. But his criticism is not of a very high order, and he affects the tiresome conversationalisms "don't," "can't," and so forth, of a certain school among ourselves. It is probably in the same spirit that he thinks proper to call some remarks of Dryden's "bosh." The particular remarks are in themselves questionable. But the notion of a

Professor in Cornell University, N.Y., gaily dismissing the best English poet, the best English prose-writer, and the best English critic of his day as a producer of "bosh," is a little, just a very little, amusing.

A separate edition of Dryden's own first prose work of any importance—of a work which holds in our literature something of the position of Du Bellay's *Défense et Illustration* in French—of the manifesto of "Heroic plays," and of a most admirable piece of English, could not but be welcome. Mr. Arnold has given the variants of the three different editions which, though not very important, are sometimes not uninteresting, has prefixed an introduction, and has appended some notes. The chief attraction of the introduction is its paradoxical defence of rhyme. We are bound, however, to say that Mr. Arnold seems to us more daring in taking up his position than formidable in defending it. When he says "it must be owned that" Lamb's specimens "make no great impression," we can only, with politeness, decline to own anything of the sort. We should as soon own that sovereigns are a drug in the market. And it is curious that Mr. Arnold "refuses" the main attack on his position—the argument that rhyme, from its constant suggestion of unreality, cannot co-exist with the English style of drama, which is nothing if not realist. The famous close of Dryden's own *Tyrannic Love* would not be half so absurd in blank verse; and, if any one will imagine Othello's last speech in rhyme, he may complete the parallel. The notes are good and useful, but in one or two instances—e.g. that of Taylor, the Water-poet—might give information of a more obviously first-hand character. And it is surely unnecessary candour to refer to "Smith's Class. Biogr. Dictionary" for Herodotus's account of the death of Cyrus.

Mr. Henry Morley's edition of *Antony and Cleopatra* in the National Library is only worth noticing because of the editor's statement in his brief introduction that Dryden's title, *All for Love; or, the World Well Lost* "implied an absolute reversal of Shakespeare's meaning in the play." If it were not that such positive statements, whichever way they lean, are usually uncritical, we might retort that this single sentence shows Mr. Henry Morley's absolute inability to understand anything about Shakespeare. As it is, we shall only observe, first, that John Dryden was not a fool—that it is even probable that we and Mr. Morley are greater fools than he; secondly, that, in the opinion of some persons, at any rate, who have not been generally considered fools, the play loses all the magic and witchery, which it has in a degree second to none, unless it is taken as Dryden took it.

Lastly, we have to notice a careful issue of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, by H. Breymann, which contains all the elaborate text apparatus usual in German editions, and a scholarly introduction.

ACROBATS AND MOUNTEBANKS.*

THE eminent Revolutionist might almost have invented his memorable dictum concerning the advantages of audacity for the special benefit of French authors and publishers; for that description of moral courage is as much the dominant note in the literature of our neighbours to-day as it was in the epoch of Rabelais and other masters of what now goes by the name of "realism." Geographically Paris is separated from London by the trifling distance of three hundred and eighty-three miles; but, if the intervening space between the two capitals of the world were reckoned in tens of thousands of miles, the difference in the literature of France and England could not possibly be more startling than it really is. While the English publisher cannot honestly be accused of lack of enterprise, it is none the less a fact that the French dealer in literary wares is decidedly the more speculative of the two, or most assuredly we should not be treated to such a book as that which Mr. A. P. Morton has just translated from the French of M. Hugues le Roux. This undeniably clever production is, one would imagine, after an exhaustive perusal of its flowery pages, intended to be at once the glorification of the showman and the apotheosis of the acrobat. Never before was "the profession" the theme for such eulogies as those which M. le Roux bestows upon all and sundry of those connected with it in one capacity or another. Never before were the "show folk" depicted in such dazzling colours. Rarely have they received, save on their own Brobdingnagian "posters," such handsome treatment as is meted out to them by the sympathetic M. Jules Garnier, concerning whose talent we would only remark that it occasionally leads him to portray his charming subjects a trifle larger even than life.

What pedants and purists might rudely term exaggerations of style—literary as well as artistic—are pardonable in dealing with that extensive, and on the whole admirable, section of the community, the best part of whose lives is passed *coram publico*, and whose favourite reading is that to be found in the pages of the spirited and decorous *Ere*, the interesting periodical published at Düsseldorf under the title of *Der Artist*, the *Voyageur Forain*, and *L'Union Mutuelle*, the two last mentioned of which, to vary the Shandonian phraseology, may be said to be "written by showmen for showmen." There is no need to disguise the transparent fact that the ladies and gentlemen who compose what is generally

termed "the profession" are exceedingly partial to praise, and as averse to criticism when it spells "bad notices" as the other section of aspirants to fame labelled by Horace "genus irritabile vatum." The phrase "show folk," by the way, we learn from M. le Roux, has its French equivalent in *banquistes* and *forains*, the former including "all persons showing or performing on a fair-ground," and the latter being "the cant word used for all merchants, with their wares, who sell in fairs . . . also applied generally to all owners of travelling shows and amusements. We may, perhaps, be forgiven for pointing out what M. le Roux is careful to impress upon his readers in a rather elaborate and exceedingly interesting preface—namely, that, "if we consult an etymological dictionary, we shall find that the word *saltim-banque*, which is more generally used than *banquiste*, is derived from a definite root—*saltimbanque*, s.m., from the Latin word *saltim-banco*; who vaults on a bench (Latin, *saltare in banco*). In Italian we also find the word *cantimbanco*, a platform singer. I must add that when, after tracing out the etymology of the words *saltimbanquiste* and *banquiste*, we search for the origin of the word 'banker,' we shall find that the same radical, *banco*, is the root of these three derivatives. In the old fairs two personages were allowed to erect a small platform, a *banc*—the money-changer and the acrobat. Perhaps the *banc* already served as a spring-board, giving both the *banker* and the *banquiste* a greater impetus in their leap; perhaps we must even look back to the same date to find the exact origin of the now common expression *lever le pied* (to abscond)." If we are to credit M. le Roux, "the contemporary acrobat, established, enriched, emerging into the middle classes, indignantly rejects a slang term which apparently assigns to him the same origin as that of our modern financiers"; and, for that reason, M. le Roux good-naturedly "forbore, to give his book the title originally chosen for it—(*Les Banquistes*)"—although Mr. Morton omits to say what title was originally selected for the French edition. Dealing with the bibliography and monography of the great *banquistes* question, M. le Roux—who throughout, it may be noted, is on the best possible terms with himself—has arrived at the conclusion "that no French or foreign author worth attention or quotation has yet interested himself in this original people." Some uninspired Teuton (name charitably not given), it appears, has had the effrontery to publish "a series of lithographs dealing with the show folk"; but, as might have been expected, emanating from such a quarter, the unfortunate German's "text and correctness of work generally" (*sic*) "were so defective that the drawings were of no use to" the erudite M. le Roux and Garnier. One would have thought that anything on this fascinating subject considered good enough for publication by M. Michel Lévy would have almost satisfied the exceedingly exigent author and illustrator of *Acrobats and Mountebanks*. But no; "It was the same with the *Saltimbanques*, which M. Escudier published at the close of the Empire through" the distinguished publisher alluded to. But "Escudier" has about it a smack of the nomenclature of "old Castille"; any way, that gentleman, we are assured, "made the mistake of writing without information, picturesqueness, or philosophy." Nor was this the full measure of his guilt; for, to general incompetence, he seems to have added that "light, insufferably trifling tone, which is common to most of the publications of that epoch," though not, it is to be devoutly hoped, to "the publications" of the present day on the other side of the Channel.

Still all is not barren between Dan and Beersheba, for, says the ingenuous M. le Roux, "since then a conscientious writer, M. Dalsème, who is attached to the acrobats," though whether by ties of affection or merely in a commercial capacity we are not told, "has published a more interesting account of them, entitled *Le Cirque à Pied et à Cheval*." We have, however, our doubts as to whether this delicate flattery is not, as it were, extorted, or at least drawn from, M. le Roux when, in the same paragraph, we read:—"The kindness with which M. Dalsème alludes in his book to the quotations which he has made from my publications induces me to notice his work in return. And truly, however unequal and incomplete his book may be, it is still the most interesting work that has yet been seen upon a new subject."

What M. le Roux has laid himself out to do is to describe "the organization of the *banquiste* people, the foundation of its agencies, newspapers, and syndicates," following the "mountebank" (since he must be described by this uncomplimentary epithet) "from his birth in the wandering caravan to his apotheosis in the friezes of the circus," and at the same time "penetrating into the stables to explain the secrets of the trainer, the tamer, and the ring-master; into the booths to ask the clown for the story of his adventures, and by what chance, having become a gentleman himself, he one day met in the land of whims a gentleman who had become a clown." As, according to M. le Roux, there are fewer "show folk" (the phrase is certainly preferable to "mountebanks") in the world than one might imagine, it would have been interesting to have met in this otherwise fairly complete work with a classification of the nationalities of those who "live to please." Frenchmen, we are somewhat surprised to learn, form no more than five per cent. of this nomadic class; but what is the proportion of Englishmen, boys, women, and girls, as compared with their Gallic competitors? We have strong grounds for asserting that there are more of our own countryfolk than any other nationality engaged in the show business. Resolved, during some peregrinations in Russia, to see as much as possible, we made our way into a music-hall at St. Petersburg, and had not got through the indispensable glass of tea ere

* *Acrobats and Mountebanks*. By Hugues le Roux and Jules Garnier. Translated from the French by A. P. Morton. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1890.

our ears were regaled with a mournfully "comic" song, celebrating the virtues of "Clicquot, Clicquot!" chanted in unmistakable Cockney English by "the Sisters" Somebody or other, who, with many "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," asseverated that that was the particular vinous beverage ("stuff" was the exact appellation) best calculated to "make you gay." The *shuba'd* Muscovites did not understand a word of the lugubrious ditty, but they clinked their vodka glasses furiously, and toasted the fair "Sisters" something or other in a manner flattering to the *amour propre* of "the celebrated young ladies from the London Concert Halls," as they were described in the programmes in Russ and English. Next night, at the Circus, whither all St. Petersburg "Society" religiously and regularly repairs, our Chauvinism was highly gratified by the more than enthusiastic applause bestowed upon the principal clown—English to the backbone; while, to come nearer home, all who have penetrated behind the scenes of Dutch life must remember the preponderance of young Englishwomen—"artistes"—at the singing places in the "Nes" at Amsterdam. The habits of the *forains* (as M. le Roux terms them) are well worthy of study. "Earth contains no guests more free than these men, whom the poet Théodore de Banville greets as the 'brothers of the birds, the inhabitants of the ideal city of Aristophanes.' They fly from war, pestilence, and ruin. When the heavens darken they strap up their trunks, go on board a steamer, and journey to other countries where gaiety and gold are to be found. The sole disturbance in these careless lives is the question of 'engagements.'" An apologist for the show folk might be inclined to quarrel with M. le Roux for accusing them of carelessness. A little flighty some of them may be; but, depend upon it, there's "method in their madness," and for the most part they are as good people of business as those engaged in other trades, keen on making the best possible terms for themselves and their belongings, holding employers firmly to their engagements, and possessing as intimate an acquaintance with the law of contracts, express as well as implied, as the most distinguished equity lawyer. In his chapter on "Organization" M. le Roux dwells upon the journals and journalism of the show folk, and quotes some amusing excerpts from the *Voyageur Forain*, which appears fortnightly, and is the "Organe de la Chambre Syndicale des Voyageurs Forains," and *L'Union Mutuelle*, "Organe officiel de tous les Industriels et Artistes Forains," published every Sunday, price ten centimes. The *Voyageur Forain* is, it appears, in the sixth year of its useful existence. "The office of this picturesque newspaper is situated in the Boulevard Henri IV., at the end of a courtyard, above a stable." When M. le Roux walked in he "found an extraordinary Bohemian smoking a short pipe, lengthened by a quill, who in himself formed the whole editorial staff of the *Voyageur Forain*. This man of letters edits the notices of the fairs, the correspondence, and all the technical part of the paper." The *Union Mutuelle* is a rich association, and the celebrated M. Bidel once expressed the hope that the day will come "when, in order to invest their funds, these restless wanderers over the highways of the world will buy some house property in Paris," so that the much maligned "showmen" may attain to the dignity attaching to owners of real estate. There are, we firmly believe, not a few people, unlearned—perhaps even uninterested—in Bohemian ways, whom it would be hard, if not impossible, to convince of the fact, for which M. le Roux vouches, that some of the yellow caravans associated in the memory with racecourses, fairs, "wakes," and "statutes" possess "dining and drawing-rooms, a bed-room, and a servant's room." Through the open windows of the drawing-room of one of these "living carriages," as we believe they are technically termed, at the Foire du Trône, M. le Roux "heard the refrain of one of Métra's waltzes." The worthy gentleman "went nearer and saw the musician was a charming young girl, wearing a plush dressing-gown, conscientiously practising the piano." This idyllic "vision of middle-class prosperity," M. le Roux complacently remarks, he leaves with us, in the hope that it may "correct, as far as may be, the very false ideas which hitherto we 'may have cherished about *banquistes* and their wandering lives."

"Permanent shows" are, it seems, known in France as "*entresorts*," the word really meaning "any booth which contains a permanent show without beginning or end"—an establishment which the public only walks through. "Waxworks are *entresorts*; so are exhibitions of dwarfs, monstrosities, learned fleas, and tattooed women. The booths which contain catchpennies, somnambulists, conjuring tricks, fat women, and pretty girls are also *entresorts*, if you like, but they are more frequently termed 'Halls of Mystery'—I need scarcely tell you why." Our curiosity is piqued at this singular observation, and we vainly ask ourselves why these particular shows, or *entresorts* "if we like," are called "Halls of Mystery." That fairs, shows, "mops," and "wakes" were of tolerably respectable antiquity we are sufficiently well informed to be aware; but we are free to confess that it startles us to read that the *entresort* has not altered either its arrangements or its exhibitions since the origin of time. The "fair theatres," as M. le Roux calls the booths in which dramatic entertainments are given, seem to date, in France, from a period as remote as 1595, although the performances of that epoch were, as too many of our present-day Thespians are averred to be, "wooden." However that may be, there are now three kinds of theatre booths—"singing theatres, theatres with good variety entertainments, and theatres with conjuring entertainments." The chapter giving details of

these performances is exceptionally interesting, containing as it does a biography of the celebrated clown, Clam, with its quaint, pretentious opening—"At noon on the 5th June, 1837, a baby uttered its first cry. The son of the actor Chanet entered the world in the native place of Casimir Delavigne." A veritable Merry Andrew was Clam; sufficient of a philosopher also to remark, in reply to a friendly hint touching the policy of saving-up for a rainy day, "when I am no good for anything else my friends will make a politician of me." A perusal of the chapters on animal-training and animal-taming will divert the reader, even if they do not add very considerably to his stock of acquired information on those points. We are given a vast number of details of circus management and the training of "artistes" in all branches of the profession, and the amateur circus of M. Molier is naturally made a feature of this remarkably interesting volume. The translation was, perhaps, not an easy task, but that it might have been better done could be exemplified over and over again. Two instances will, however, suffice. The translator, in reproducing some stage-directions, says:—"The band [of brigands] disappears on the side to the court," and again, "He disappears on the court side; the captain and his band re-enter from the garden side," apparently in happy ignorance that those instructions, as printed in the original, are the equivalents for our "Prompt side" and "O.P. side"; "The pigeons alight on the arms . . . of their mistress, who reminds me of one of the young priestesses in the groves of *Gnide* (!) offering her rosy lips and soft white throat to the caresses of her doves." Many other "negligences and ignorances" on the part of the translator disfigure what is unquestionably an entertaining and instructive book.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.*

OF all forms of biography, good, bad, and indifferent, the average musical biography is undoubtedly the worst. Composers generally lead uneventful, and to the lay mind uninteresting, lives; yet it is a strange fact that to the admiring enthusiasts who write their biographies they seem all that is great and good, while every little concert-tour that they undertake is worthy of being chronicled with the most portentous gravity. When to this extravagant adulation is added an entire want of literary skill the result is depressing in the extreme. Of this class of biographies, Mr. A. McArthur's *Anton Rubinstein* is an average specimen. From the dedication, "To Her Excellency Mme. Olga de Novikoff, better known by her distinguished literary initials, O. K.," to the last page, where, by a strange mixture of astronomical metaphors, Rubinstein's career as a pianist is compared to a fading sunset, while at the same time his genius is likened to a sunrise [*sic*] "rising in the horizon of Russian art, where it will remain for ever one of the brightest orbs our century has ever seen," the book is a string of high-sounding eulogies, couched in bald and clumsy English, and bristling with innumerable misprints. As an example of the author's style the following may be quoted:—"During his [*i.e.* Rubinstein's] conductorship cordons of mounted police were stationed along the streets to regulate the tremendous carriage-traffic, and the most brilliant season of these concerts was that of 1886-87, when Rubinstein wielded the bâton, and sent orchestra and audience alike into ecstasies through his own great musical genius." On p. 48 we are told that at a supper at Hamburg "the great composer had to listen to endless speeches as the enthusiasm and champagne flew apace"—which must have been a remarkable sight. For a good specimen of mixed metaphor the following is not without merit:—"Liszt, well likened to a meteor by one of his contemporaries, when not in silken bondage, was periodically flashing his genius from north to south, fascinating all with his wit, his *bonhomie*, his genius, and leaving wonder and regret behind him in all lands." But perhaps the most elegant sentence in the book is the following:—"How happy the young composer was here one can guess, for the palace of the Grand Duchess was the resort of all that was learned, beautiful, and brilliant in human form in Russia, or passing through it—a sort of royal Hôtel Rambouillet; then add to this the beauty of its surroundings, especially in spring and summer."

Giuglini figures as Juglini, Undine as Oudine and Onidine, Schott as Shott, Byrd's Harpsichord Variations as the Carman's Whistle as "Carmen's Whistle," "Oiseaux" as "Oisseaux," "Polacca" as "Pollaca," "Fantasie Stücke" as "Fantasia Stücke," "Si oiseau j'étais" as "Et Oiseau Jetais," Czerny as Czerney, Mirza Schaffy as Merza Schaffy—in short, there is no end to the blunders and misprints on nearly every page. The only part of the book which is of any value is Rubinstein's letter on Sacred Opera from Levinsky's *Vor den Couliissen*, which is here reprinted in full, together with an English translation. The composer's views on this subject are extremely interesting and well worth consideration, especially in this country, where signs are not wanting that the reign of oratorio is drawing to a close.

* *Anton Rubinstein: a Biographical Sketch.* By Alexander McArthur. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1889.

NAVIGATION.*

THE two treatises published in its last volume by the Hakluyt Society are of the nature of curiosities. They are also both such curiosities as this Society ought to publish and to edit. The *Tractatus de Globis* shows what the geographical knowledge of Englishmen and their method of study of geography were at the close of the sixteenth century. The *Sailing Directions* of the anonymous writer of the "fifteenth century MS," who may very possibly have been one of the Paston family, show what the seamanship of Englishmen was at the close of the middle ages. Both contain much that is very remote from us, and the second, as is only natural, far more than the first. The *Sailing Directions* were written for a race of seamen who were coasters, and nothing else. They are full of information about headlands, currents, and tides, and probably give all the English seaman was expected to know before the voyages of the Cabots. Even with all the care Mr. Delmar Morgan has spent on them, the *Directions* are not particularly intelligible at times. There are sentences in which the points of the compass are almost inextricably mixed. Still the author must, either from personal observation or from the report of experienced pilots—in all probability from a combination of the two—have known the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, of France and the Peninsula as far as the Straits, very thoroughly. Even to-day his knowledge would be enough for a deep-sea fisherman or coaster, and there are very probably old-fashioned merchant skippers—very excellent practical seamen—employed in coasting or short over-sea voyages to this day who neither know nor need to know much more. The general reader, if he looks into the *Directions*, will be most interested by the changes of familiar names which have taken place in three hundred years. Without Mr. Morgan's help he would hardly guess that "the Shelde" was Cromer, or that Chalkeshorde was Chichester, though he might guess that Cornelande was Cornwall, and Columsonde the Culver Sand. Mr. Gairdner, who discovered the MS. in the Record Office, traces it to the Pastons; and one would like to think it the work of one of that family, which produced more than one seaman of note in the reign of Henry VIII. and his daughter.

The *Tractatus de Globis* is a work of a very different kind. If the author of the *Sailing Directions* was a purely practical man, a seaman who recorded his pilot's learning in a "Rutter," Mr. Robert Hues, who wrote the *Tractatus de Globis* to explain the use of Mr. Emery Molyneux his globes, was mainly a man of learning. Mainly, but not solely; for like Wright, who interpreted and perfected the map of Mercator, or Lodge, whose objects were not scientific, Mr. Hues had made voyages "to the Isles" and further, in search partly of knowledge, partly, no doubt, of prize money. He speaks of his voyages and corrects the inaccuracy of astronomers by his own observations in the Southern Hemisphere. Yet Mr. Hues was in the main a bookman, and necessarily so. His explanation of the "terrestrial" globe is mainly drawn from the ancient geographers. He speaks much of Dionysius Afer his Periegesis, and of Eratosthenes, "whom Dionysius is observed by Eustathius his Scholiast to follow in many things," and of Strabo. When dealing with the girth of the earth, he quotes the authority of "Strabo and Hipparchus," of "Ptolemy and our Englishmen," of the ancient Arabians, and the "Modernes," but does not give any opinion of his own. He leaves the judicious reader to deduce the truth for himself if he can from the conflicting estimates of these grave authorities. For this course he had the very sufficient reason that in 1592 neither exploration nor scientific measurement had yet been carried so far as to supersede the work of the Greek geographers. The principal interest of Hues's *Tractatus* now lies just in this—that it shows how much our Elizabethan forefathers necessarily depended for their geographical knowledge on the Greeks of the ancient world. Eratosthenes, Posidonius, Ptolemy, Strabo, are very familiar names with Hues. Benjamin of Tudela he mentions, and Arius Montanus as a commentator; but they are obviously authorities of inferior value in his estimate. He even goes so far as to speak of the Portuguese voyage round the Cape of Good Hope as if it had only confirmed what was matter of knowledge to the all-knowing ancients—which is much too strong a statement of the facts. In this there is no doubt something of the old classical scholar's predisposition to derive everything from the classics. But it was not wholly either natural piety or pedantry which made Hues quote the Greeks as authorities. What is now a part only of the history of geography was then, in fact, a source of knowledge. His *Tractatus* itself has now, like Eratosthenes, Dionysius Afer, and Eustathius his Scholiast, become a part of history, and is valuable as showing what of geography our ancestors in 1592 knew or did not know. In these days, when it is matter of joyous surprise to discover that one part of Africa is uncommonly like another, it makes one envious to be reminded that the lucky fellows of three hundred years ago had still half the globe to explore, or at least they had a quarter to visit for the first

time, and two-thirds to explore thoroughly. Whoever wishes to put himself in the position of the Elizabethan will find Mr. Robert Hues, as Englished by Mr. John Chilmead, M.A. of Christ Church in Oxon out of the original latin, a pleasing guide with a fine old-world flavour in his style, and no small powers of exposition. He will also be materially assisted by the Notes and Introduction of Mr. Clements R. Markham.

THE BOOK OF ROBERT BURNS.*

PERHAPS a respectful and distant imitation will give as good an idea as need be of *The Book of Robert Burns*. Here follows a biography not included in its exhaustive pages.

WILLIAM GIRVAN.

The keenest research can discover no mention of the Girvan family earlier than 1745, when William Girvan was baptized; being a foundling, at the town church of Girvan, in Ayrshire. According to local tradition he on more than one occasion saw our great poet home when for some reason or other Burns was incapable of guiding his own footsteps in the desired direction. Girvan's education was neglected; but as tapster at the well-known inn, "The Tappit Hen," he doubtless was often a humble but eager listener to the brilliant and elevated conversation of Burns. The poet alludes to him in the following magnificent stanzas:—

But wow the while when roaring birkies
Ken na' the baudrons frae the stirkies,
And ilka stotter in the mirk is
An ugsome thing;
Nae mill discernit frae the kirk is,
Sae wud they fling!
Then Wullie Girvan's honest shouter
Will kep ye, gin ye lack the pouter
To set ae leg afore the t'ither,
As hame ye gang,
Wi' Wullie through the snaw and scouter,
And no think lang!
An' gin ye meet a blethering body
That preaches o' the ills o' toddy,—
Frae far Kirk Yetholme to Polmaddy
Sic coofs ye'll find,—
Ye'll tell him ye're owre niddy-noddy
To heed his wind!

William Girvan is believed to have left "The Tappit Hen" about 1782, and he migrated to Glasgow, where he married Jessie Dunblane. She was the daughter of Thomas Dunblane, a Perthshire man, whose family was settled in the Gorbals, where they kept such a retreat for wanderers as the poet describes in *The Jolly Beggars*. By his wife Girvan had three sons (here follows a biography of the sons) and four daughters (we are not spared one of the daughters). He died in 1800, after a carouse which had lasted three weeks. His last words were, "Mair sugar." His widow, as we learn from his epitaph, "Kept on the business still, Resigned unto the Heavenly will." The poem from which we are privileged to quote a tribute to Girvan is still unpublished, and lately was purchased for the collection of Lord Rosebery, in which it is one of the most singular jewels. It has, however, been attributed to a later writer, a mere Cockney; but the vigour of the style and the idiomatic Scots refute this imputation.

If the reader will kindly imagine that there are more than three hundred and fifty pages of *The Book of Robert Burns*, and that two more volumes are in preparation, and if he will also reflect that Mr. William Girvan's biography is a pretty fair imitation of what we find here, he will perhaps admire the industry of Dr. Charles Rogers and of the Grampian Club. The idea is to give biographies of every one whom Burns mentions, except those persons whose lives, like Lord Monboddo's, are already written and accessible. Their families, too, both before and after the poet's date, engage the attention of Dr. Rogers. Now, great and admirable as Burns was, it may perhaps be admitted that much of this information is perfectly superfluous. Conceive a *Book of Walter Scott* or of James Hogg written on these principles! A *Book of Molière* would fill a library, and would be concerned with persons far more notable and interesting than Wilhelmina Alexander, who disdained the poet's compliments and did not answer his letters. Who wants to know, on either side of the Grampians, all about the eight children of Burns's friend, Mr. Robert Aiken? Who is now concerned with *Clemenza: a Tragic Drama*, by Mr. Robert Ainslie? Are the reviews of the works of the Rev. Hugh Blair at all germane to the matter? There is more interest in the parochial delinquencies of Mr. Gavin Hamilton; but even these only concern Burnsites as fond of minute detail as the Moliéristes are in the case of their hero. Dr. Rogers spares us scarcely anything, except the fortunes of Mr. Lapraik's nine children by his second wife; and it is not clear why they are unrecorded. They have as much claim to be wept and honoured as most of his other subjects. A small book might have been written on the more important and interesting of Burns's friends; but Dr. Rogers sows, like Pindar, with the sack, and not with the hand. His book is handsomely printed, and illustrated with an excellent facsimile of a letter signed Robert Burness; but it appears to us to be a superfluous book. Wherefore cumber it the shelves?

* *Tractatus de Globis et eorum Usu*. A Treatise descriptive of the Globes constructed by Emery Molyneux, and published in 1592 by Robert Hues. Edited, with Annotated Index and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S.

Sailing Directions for the Circumnavigation of England and for a Voyage to the Straits of Gibraltar. From a Fifteenth Century MS. Edited, with an Account of the MS., by James Gairdner, of the Public Record Office; and a Glossary by E. Delmar Morgan, Hon. Sec. Hakluyt Soc. London: Hakluyt Society. 1889.

* *The Book of Robert Burns*. By the Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: printed for the Grampian Club. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AN edition in MM. Hachette's well-known travel-series of Count Hübner's travels across the British Empire (1) supplies a good deal of interesting reading in a comely and handy form. Count Hübner, as an old diplomatist, had much of the knowledge desirable in a traveller, and seems to have set about his investigations with plenty of energy and plenty of good will. Yet some things here remind one of the uncertainty of human affairs. Count Hübner took the greatest pains to inform himself of the incidents of the Boer war. And apparently his informant confused Bronker's Spruit with Lang's Nek!

The same publishers have issued three volumes of their blue series of popular scientific works by good hands and on interestingly different subjects. Here shall M. Hélène (2) tell you all about bronze, its chemical composition, and the mode of making it; its employment in art and in manufactures, by ancients and by moderns, for great monuments and for little ornaments, calling in the aid of the wood-engraver to bedeck his book with cuts of statues and busts, of mirrors and vases, of sword-hilts and incense-burners. M. Guignet, a pupil of Chevreul himself, shall communicate in a popular style all that famous centenarian's lore about colours, with beautiful pictures of spectrums and chromatic scales, with accounts of all the natural sources of dye-stuffs and the means of using them. M. Capus, the companion of M. Bonvalot, undertakes Pamir, or such parts of Pamir as he and his companions saw in the expedition where Lord Dufferin rescued them from unpleasant straits. The account of their journey is straightforward and succinct, and is preceded by a useful and well-executed summary of previous travels in the same region.

M. Jean Revel's *Testament d'un moderne* (3) is a really interesting book, though its interest to us, we fear, is not exactly of the kind that the author intended. Under the form of the literary remains of an idle but thoughtful observer of men and things, it contains the most curious collection of what may be called the platitudes of "modernity" that we have ever read. With inexhaustible gravity the author records at second-hand the results of his reading in advanced literature. He thinks that woman is more susceptible than man of the religious emotion, that the present ideal of human societies is not the heavenly hereafter, that persecution is a mistake, that it is very interesting when you see an oak to think of the acorn, that the modern proletarian is more subject to the yoke of the rich than the ancient slave. He is full of wonder at the achievements of science, and wants to know whether Newton was not a greater man than Louis XIV. "The egotism of a State," he says, in an epigram admirably acute and new, "is called patriotism." His accomplishments in dead languages (for which he has a contempt) do not seem to be exhaustive; at any rate, there seems something wrong both in the syntax and the prosody of a line which he tells us is Latin—

Tanta molis erat humanam condere gentem.

We also think the expression "le Voluspa des Celtes" a little odd, and though the "modern" is very fond of repeating ANAXE in capitals, we are not certain that this knowledge of Greek is first-hand. He does not think it easy to conceive the Trinity, and thinks that "theological and Biblical dogma is wholly merged in ridicule." But he is prepared to admit that the moment when man first stood up to a cave-bear was a *moment solennel*. With absolutely appalling originality and logic, he says to the Divinity, "Si notre esprit est plein d'erreurs, n'est-ce pas de ton consentement?" In fact, he is a very pearl of moderns.

M. Gustave Vallat, who wrote some year or two ago a good study of Thomas Moore, has now published, under a rather vague title, an interesting account of the violinist, Alexandre Boucher (4), who had a long and curious career; an account interesting not merely from the musical point of view. We are unable to attach so much importance as M. Vallat does to Boucher's account of the taking of the Bastille, where he was present as a small boy. But the stories of his previous appearances at Court and great houses, as an infant phenomenon, are very curious. As a tiny child he was once shut up in a barley-sugar temple on the centre of a dinner-table, from which, at a signal, he issued and marched round playing his violin and distributing flowers or favours to the ladies. Such a childhood does not usually lead to solid artistic performance; but it did in Boucher's case. He is even credited with—or claims, at any rate—the more than Orphic triumph of having softened the soul of a British Custom House officer by playing a sort of "Che farò senza mez violons?" when the hard-hearted minions wanted to make him forfeit or pay impossible duties upon them. There are not a few other curious things in the volume, which is well worth reading.

M. Ernest Bertin's book consists of essays on Lucien Bonaparte, on Mme. de Rémusat's Letters and Memoirs, on Metternich's Memoirs, on those of Marshal Davoust and on Mme. de Custine (5). All these, it will be seen, deal with more or less recent books,

(1) *A travers l'empire britannique*. 2 tomes. Par le Comte de Hübner. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Le bronze*. Par Maxime Hélène. *Les couleurs*. Par C. E. Guignet. *Le toit du monde*. Par G. Capus. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Testament d'un moderne*. Par Jean Revel. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Etudes d'histoire de mœurs et d'art musical*. Par Gustave Vallat. Paris: Quantin.

(5) *La société du consulat et de l'empire*. Par E. Bertin. Paris: Hachette.

and are good specimens of "topical" articles of the kind in which the information of the volumes reviewed is arranged and abstracted in good literary form, with the aid of a due knowledge of the period concerned.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE is the promise of novelty in Mr. Robertson Nicoll's *James Macdonell, Journalist* (Hodder & Stoughton), which is announced as "probably the first book of its kind" and "perhaps the first Life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." Regarded from this somewhat narrow standpoint, Mr. Nicoll may be said to define his position accurately when he writes that he "had no precedent to follow." His book, however, shows that the unprecedented does not follow from the lack of precedent. There are no novel features to be noted in this record of the career of an able, hard-working, successful writer on the newspaper press. Like most contemporary biographies, Mr. Nicoll's narrative is tediously prolonged. The book might also have been more carefully revised. It is hard to believe, for instance, that an educated person could write of Wordsworth's "Sonnettes and the *Leodamia*" (p. 167). The story of Macdonell's work on the *Times* is not without its aspects of interest, and perhaps the correspondence is of still greater biographical value. The letters offer very convincing evidence of Macdonell's vivacious, restless, ardent nature. They reflect the sanguine temperament, the consuming energy, that possessed him, and the earnestness that was like a passion. The last characteristic was, indeed, displayed in much passionate utterance on political questions. In one letter Macdonell speaks of his earnestness as "almost fanatical." Something febrile may be discerned in the vehemence of his style of advocacy when some burning question or drastic measure engaged his pen. It is hardly surprising to learn that on one occasion the late Mr. Delane was compelled to forbid him that happy hunting-ground of the leader-writer the "Eastern Question," and restrict him to "safer subjects." Some of the pleasantest reading in the book is to be found in the letters relating to sojourns on the Continent—"Times" holidays" Macdonell called them—when the overworked journalist was as diligent and energetic at sight-seeing as in all other pursuits. Such interludes were but too infrequent, and Mr. Nicoll's book leaves the impression that the life of a journalist is, on the whole, monotonous.

To judge from Miss Maude Stanley's very interesting book, *Clubs for Working Girls* (Macmillan & Co.), there is good reason to anticipate an enlarged sphere of usefulness for the excellent movement with which the author, as secretary and promoter of the Soho Club and Home for Working Girls, has for some years been associated. Few philanthropic institutions have stood the test of time better than the clubs and houses that form the Girls' Club Union. The members are drawn from all descriptions of labour occupation at ages from thirteen to twenty-one and over. Some of the clubs combine the accommodation of a home, while in most recreation and educational advantages are equally beneficial objects. Miss Stanley's account of the constitution and working of the Soho Club is extremely interesting. It would be well, however, that only persons of energy and capacity, not mere enthusiasts, should emulate Miss Stanley's work. Her suggestive chapter "How to Start and Manage a Girls' Club" ought to be studied by every one interested in the subject. Tact and patience, united with the services of a responsible salaried superintendent, are chief among the elements of success, according to Miss Stanley's experience.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *Ting-a-Ling Tales* (Ward & Downey) are fairy-tales of excellent fancy and invention. The fairies are of the good old kindly type; while the giant, the dwarf, the monsters, the magicians, the witch—Mahbracca her fearsome name—that figure in the long and ingenious coil of adventures are all good enough to be numbered with the best of ancient examples. The most delightful of the stories, "The Magical Music," is the last and the longest of the set. Herein the good genius of brave Princes and their distressed Princesses, the giant Tur-il-i-ra, makes his best and bravest strokes, and the Prince enjoys unparalleled perils, and Mahbracca plays her wildest and most malevolent pranks, and the magic and enchantments and surprises are of the most astonishing description. The episode of the enforced race between Mahbracca and the Prince, capably illustrated by Mr. E. B. Bensell, where bottomless pits yawn and mountains rise at a touch of the witch's staff, is a happy example of old witchcraft, which is also introduced by "Uncle Remus" in his last collection of negro folklore tales.

A *Tale of Three Nations*, by J. Frederick Hodgetts (Ward & Downey), is full of preposterous melodrama, though its purport is the recording of "some of the deeds of the Emperor William and of his son Frederick." The conjunction of historical events, such as the Franco-Prussian War, with the wildest improbabilities of the Adelphi-drama kind, produces the disordered effect of a nightmare. The medley of fact and fiction is positively maddening. In one place you may find the late British Ambassador at Paris correctly named, and elsewhere he is enigmatically referred to as "Lord Manes." Mr. Hodgetts apparently writes for babes, as he scrupulously translates the most ordinary German words and phrases.

New additions to the charming "Knickerbocker Nuggets" issued by Messrs. Putnam are the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, with notes by Mr. John Biglow, and *Songs of Fairy*

Land, compiled by Edward T. Mason, with illustrations by Maud Humphrey. The latter is a fairly representative selection from the rich stores of poetry, though it discards altogether some of the greatest of poets available, such as Shakespeare, Randolph, Fletcher, Jonson, and other less prominent names. However, with Hogg's *Kilmenny*, Hood's *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, Drayton's *Nymphidia*, and other high examples, there is no ground for complaint. It is strange, however, to find "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and to miss Keats's exquisite "Fairy Song."

Another story of Franklin's life is told in popular style, though at greater length than the *Autobiography*, by Mr. W. M. Thayer, under the title *From Printing Office to the Court of St. James* (Hodder & Stoughton).

The pretty reprints known as the "Stott Library" now include *Emerson's Essays*, in two volumes (David Stott), edited by Mr. Ronald J. McNeill, with an excellent portrait and an etching of Emerson's home at Concord.

At this date it were superfluous to say aught concerning the merits of Lockhart's *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, a reprint of which, with the translator's notes and preface, and without, let it be said gratefully, any editing whatever, is the latest accession to "Routledge's Pocket Library."

A second series of *Oxford House Papers* (Rivingtons), with contributions by Mr. A. T. Lyttelton, Dean Church, Mr. J. G. Adderley, and others, is at hand. The themes treated in these "Papers for Working-Men," in most restricted space, are such as necessitate, we should imagine, volumes for their efficient exposition with such an audience. Some, at least, of the writers assume an equipment in the working-man which it were rash to suppose general in lecture audiences in the centres of culture. But it is all in the way of benevolence, perhaps, and proper to an age of University extension and universal science-and-art propagation.

An old controversy is recalled by Mr. Patrick Chalmers, F.R.H.S., who narrates the true story of the penny adhesive postage stamp—*How James Chalmers Saved the Penny Postage Scheme* (Edinburgh Wilson)—and puts the case of "Adhesive Stamp" (Chalmers) against "Stamped Envelope" (Rowland Hill) with undeniable force.

On the *Natives of India*, by Colonel Julius Barras (Simpkin & Co.), is a collection of capital character-sketches of a bright and anecdotic cast, the subjects of which are native officers or military servants. In addition to these, there is an amusing and true story of the snubbing of an "enlightened Baboo" who offered an unconventional petition to a late Viceroy.

Within an Ace, by Mark Eastwood (Digby & Long), is a story of Nihilists, Russian police, and so forth, briskly told, full of adventurous incident, yet without the novelty and surprise to be expected from the sub-title, "A Modern Sensation." The episode of a hanged man coming to life in a surgery is not new in fiction, or, we believe, in fact. A less imposing criminal is the unheroic hero of Mr. John Max's *In Chains of Fate* (Field & Tuer), a dull story illustrating the force of destiny or heredity in the person of an envious doctor who acts the knave, fool, and madman with a good deal of method. More minor fiction, of a pleasanter kind, we have in two little stories, companions as to binding, *Miss Meredith*, by Amy Levy, and *A Snow Flower*, by Hester Day (Hodder & Stoughton).

Among Year-Books we have to acknowledge *The Catholic Directory* for 1890 (Burns & Oates), the fifty-third annual issue, and *The Insurance Year-Book* (Simpkin & Co.), a compact and useful handbook and directory.

We have also received new editions of Charles Kingsley's *Historical Lectures and Essays*, and *Sanitary and Social Essays* (Macmillan & Co.); the second edition, revised, of Mr. Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* (Macmillan & Co.); *Yeast*, by Charles Kingsley, the sixpenny re-issue (Macmillan & Co.); a revised and enlarged edition of Miss Corner's *History of France* (Dean & Son); and the first weekly number of a new edition of Dr. Farrar's *Life of Christ* (Cassell & Co.), eight pages of large type, with illustrations, at the price of one halfpenny.

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE TUDOR EXHIBITION (Sketches therefrom); also View of the Whitehouse Chapel, Mayfair; with numerous other Illustrations, and Articles on the History of Art in Scotland; the late Signor Brentano, &c. &c. See **THE BUILDER** of January 18.—Ad., by post, 4d. Annual Subscription, 19s. Office: 46 Catherine Street, London, W.C.

ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The **THIRD ORDINARY MEETING** of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, January 21, at the Royal School of Mines, 28 Jermyon Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following paper will be read:—"POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES SINCE 1852," by ROWLAND HAMILTON, Esq.

THE SOCIETY of APOTHECARIES of LONDON. There is a **VACANCY** in the **EXAMINING BOARD of ARTS** through the death of the late Dr. CUTBERTSON. There are at present Four Examinations held in the year, and each of the three Examiners receives a salary of £75 10s. The average number of Candidates at the Examinations is 180. Gentlemen desirous of filling the appointment are requested to forward their applications to the undersigned, **JAMES R. UPTON,** Clerk to the Society. Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars, E.C.

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December, 1889.

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